

The Effigies of Mr. George Herbert Author of those Sacred Poems called The Temple.



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THE TEMPLE.

SACRED POEMS, AND PRIVATE EJACULATIONS

By Mr. *George Herbert*, Late ORATOUR of the University of *CAMBRIDGE*.

Together with his LIFE

PSAL. 29.

In his Temple doth every man speak of his honour.

The Eleventh Edition, with an Alphabetical Table for ready finding out the chief places.

LONDON,

Printed by *S. Roycroft*, for *R. S.* and are to be Sold by *John Williams* Junior, at the *Crown* in *St. Pauls* Church-yard, 1678.

These Lines should have been under his Picture.

BEhold an Orator, Divinely sage,
The *Prophet* and *Apostle* of that age.
View but his *Porch*, and *Temple*, you shall see
The Body of Divine *Philosophy*.
Examine well the Lines of his dead Face,
Therein you may discern Wisdom and Grace.
Now if the Shell so lovely doth appear,
How Orient was the Pearl Imprison'd here!

$

A

Memorial to the honourable

GEORGE HERBERT

Author of the Sacred POEMS.

Who died about, Anno 1635.

READ o're these Raptures with a curious Eye,
You must conclude, this *Eagle* soared high:
Montgomery Castle was the place, where he
Had his first breathing, and Nativitie.
Of that most Noble House this *Hero* came,
Who left the World this Legacy of Fame.
Great Saint, unto thy Memory and Shrine
I owe all Veneration, save Divine,
For thy rare Poems: Piety and Pen
Speak thee no less than Miracle of Men.
The Graces all both Moral and Divine,
In thee concenter, and with thee combine:
These Sacred Lessons, set to thy sweet Lute,
Was Musick that would make *Apollo* mute:
Nay, all those warbling Chanters of the Spring
Would sit half tame, To hear *Arion* Sing.
What Province hath produc'd a greater Soul
Between the Artique and Antartique Pole,

Than *Wales* hath done? where HERBERTS Church
shall be
A lasting Pyramid for him and thee.
What Father of a Church can you rehearse,
That gain'd more Souls to God 'twixt prose and
Verse?
What Orator had more Magnetique strains?
What Poet such a Fancy, Pen or Brains,
In our Great Hierarchie? Shew me the Man,
That Sang more sadly than this dying *Swan*,
This Bird of Paradise, this *Glowworm* bright,
This Philomel, this Glory of the Night.
Seeing the Deluge rage, the Clouds still dark,
Restless below, return'd up to the Ark,
This Sacred Dove, before he Scal'd the skies,
Rarely set forth, the Worlds great Sacrifice;
A melting POEM, all the rest so high,
That the dull World may learn to live and die.
Never did Pen humane, Or Earing brain,
Express or vent such a Seraphique strain.
You that are *Potts* born contend and strive,
In spite of Death, dead HERBERT to revive.
Bring Wreaths of Larick, an immortal Tree,
To *Salems* sacred Hill, for Obsequie.
Parnassus *Mount was never so divine*,
To turn the Musis Water into Wine.
The Delphian Pott went from thence to Rome,
And there was entertain'd as Major Dome;
And though the Bishop, and his Clerks do boast,
That old false Prophet there doth rule the Roast.
A lasting Spring of Blood Springs near that Hill,
There he did bathe; there you your Vials fill.
'Twill melt your hearts, to view those desolations;
Yet from that Spring flows highest Inspirations.
Therein your Annals Such Encomiums bring
To his memorial, as the Doves in Spring.

Such

Such moan as *Ægypts* Vice-Roy onee did make
At *Abil-Mizraim* for his Fathers sake,
Make your shrill Trumpets: from that thorny Hill
Benhinnons Valleys with amazement fill.
To the Sepulchre go, there Sacrifice
The Distillations of your Hearts and Eyes.
When you depart, fall down, and kiss that Land,
Where once his Masters sacred feet did stand.
No Art or Engine can you safely trust
To polish him, but his own sacred Dust.
Nor can you Paint or Pencil him too high,
That liv'd and dy'd without an enemy;
That left behind him this admired Tomb,
But no *Elisha* In *Elias* roome

An Epitaph upon the Honourable

GEORGE HERBERT.

YOu weeping Marbles, *Monuments* we trust,
As well with the Injurious, as the just.
When your great trust at last shall be resign'd,
And when his noble dust shall be refind:
You shall more Gold, Myrrh, Frankincense return,
Than shall be found in great *Augustus* Urn,

He was the wonder of a better age,
Th' Eclipse of this, of emptie heads the rage.
Phœnix of *Wales*, of his great name the glory,
A theme above all verse, beyond all story.
A plant of Paradise; which, in a word,
Worms ne're shall wither, as they did the Gourd.

Go

Go you unborn, *hedew* Dear Herberts Tomb;
No more such Babes are in Dame Natures Womb.
No more such Blazing Comets shall appear,
Nor leave so happy influences here.
Go thaw your hearts at his celestial fire,
And what you cannot comprehend, admire.

Go you dark *Poems*, dark even as the Skies,
Make the *Scales* fall from our dark dazling eyes.
Mirrors were made to mend, not mar our sight,
Glow-worms to glitter in th' most gloomy Night.
About those glorious Regions he is fled,
Where once Saint Paul was rapt and ravished.

Here a Divine, Prophet and Poet lies,
That lay'd up Manna *for posterities.*

P. D. *Esq;*

The Church Militant.

THe Churches progress is a Master-piece,
Limn'd to the life, of Egypt Rome and Greece:
Wherein he gives the Conclave such a blow,
They nere receiv'd from either friend or foe.
England and *France* do bear an equal share
In his predictions, which time will declare;
Here's height of malice, here's prodigious lust,
Impudent sinning, cruelty, distrust;
Here's black ingratitude, here's pride and scorn,
Here's damned Oaths, that cause the land to Mourn;
And here's oppression, marks of Future Bane,
And here's Hypocrisie the Counter-Pane.

Here's

Here's love of *Guinies*, curſed Root of all,
And here's Religion turnd up to the wall:
And could we ſee with Herberts Eagle eyes,
Without Checkmate Religion weſtward flies.
A moſt ſad Sacrifice was made of late
Of Gods poor Lambs by Phariſaique hate.
For Diſcipline with Doctrine ſo to jarr,
Was juſt like bringing Juſtice to the Bar.
Was it the will, or judgment or commands,
Of the great *Pilot* for to paſs the Sands;
Well may we hope, That our quick-ſighted State
Will take Gods grievance into a debate.
Cathedrall Prieſts long ſince have laid about
Hammer and Tongs, to drive Religion out.
Her Grace and Majeſty makes them ſo fraid,
They cry content, and ſo Eſpouſe her Maid.
She's decent, lovely, chaſt, Divine they ſay,
She loves their Sons, that ſing our ſins away.
Could we but count the Thouſands every year,
Theſe dreams conſume, the Muſick is too dear.
When Elies *Sons made luxury their God,*
Their Widows nam'd their Poſthumes Icabod.
They both were ſlain, Gods ſacred Ark was loſt,
Though they had with it a moſt mighty Hoſt.
Well may ingratitude make us all mourn;
Pearls we receive, poor Pebles we return.
Now *Stin* is ſwallowing *Tiber*; if the *Thames*,
By letting in them both pollute her ſtreams;
Or if the *Stars* ſhall connive or wink,
Beware the *Thunderbolt*; *Migramus hinc.*
O let me die, and not ſurvive to ſee
Before my death Religions Obſequie.
Religion and dear Truth will prove at length
The *Alpha* and *Omega* of our Strength;
Our *Boaz*, our *Jachin*, our Great Britans glory,
Look'd on by *Owls*, as a Romantick ſtory.

Our

Our Cloud, that comes behind us in the day,
Nights fiery Pillar, to direct our way.
Our Chariots, Ships and Horsemen, to withstand
The fury of our Foes by Sea or Land.
Our eyes may see, as hath been seen before,
Religions Foes ly floating on the Shore:
The head of *Englands* Church proud *Babels*, but
Will Faith defend, and peace will *Janus* shut.

Adversus Impia.
Anno 1670.

THE

The Printer to the Reader.

THE Dedication of this Work having been made by the Author to the *Divine Majesty* only, how should we now presume to interest any mortal man in the patronage of it? Much less think we it meet to seek recommendation of the Muses, for that which himself was confident to have been inspired by a diviner breath than flows from *Helicon*. The world therefore shall receive it in that naked simplicity, with which he left it, without any addition either of support or ornament, more than is included in it self. We leave it free and unforestalled to every mans judgment, and to the benefit that he shall find by perusal. Only for the clearing of some passages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privy to some few particularities of the condition and disposition of the Person.

Being

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the mind, and having by industry & happy education perfected them to that great height of excellency, whereof his Fellowship of *Trinity* Colledge in *Cambridge*, and his Oratourship in the University, together with that knowledge which the Kings Court had taken of him, could make relation far above ordinary. Quitting both his deserts and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the Sanctuary and Temple of God, chusing rather to serve at Gods Altar, than to seek the honour of State employments. As for those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none) which many of these ensuing Verses bear witness of, they detract not from the freedom, but add to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so he accounted him meet not only to be called, but to be compelled to this service: Wherein his faithful discharge was such, as may make him justly a companion to the primitive Saints, and a Pattern or more for the Age he lived in

To testifie his independency upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kind, he used in his ordinary speech, when he made mention of the Blessed Name of our Lord

Lord and Saviour, *Jesus Christ*, to add, *My Master*.

Next God, he loved that which God himself hath magnified above all things, that is, his Word: So as he hath been heard to make solemn protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.

His obedience and conformity to the Church and the Discipline thereof, was singularly remarkable: Though he abounded in private Devotions, yet went he every Morning and Evening with his Family to the Church; and by his Example, exhortations, and encouragements drew the greater part of his Parishioners to accompany him daily in the publick celebration of Divine Service.

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously seek, than he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an Ecclesiastical Dignity, which he was professor of. But God permitted not the accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him his instrument for re-edifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had lain ruinated almost twenty years. The reparation whereof, having been uneffectually attempted by publick Collections, was in the end by his own and some few others private free-will-offerings

ings successfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especial good work when a Friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he made answer, *It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the Blood of CHRIST:* Otherwise than in this respect he could find nothing to glory or comfort himself with, neither in this nor in any other thing.

And these are but few of many that might be said, which we have chosen to premise as a glance to some parts of the ensuing Book, and for an example to the Reader.

We conclude all with his own Motto, with which he used to conclude all things that might seem to tend any way to his own honour,

Less than the least of Gods mercies.

¶ The

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THE

THE

¶ The Dedication.

LOrd, my firſt fruits preſent themſelves to thee;
Yet not mine neither: For from thee they came,
And muſt return. Accept of them and me,
And make us ſtrive, who ſhall ſing beſt thy Name.
Turn their eyes hither, who ſhall make a gain:
Theirs, who ſhall hurt themſelves or me, refrain.

The

THE LIFE OF Mr. *George Herbert*.

George Herbert was born the Third day of *April*, in the Year of our Redemption 1593. The place of his Birth was near to the Town of *Montgomery*, and in that *Castle* that did then bear the name of that Town and County, that *Castle* was then a place of state and strength, and had been successively happy in the Family of the *Herberts*, who had long posseſt it: and with it, a plentiful Estate, and hearts as liberal to their poor Neighbours. A Family, that hath been bleſt with men of remarkable wiſdom, and a willingneſs to serve their Countrey, and indeed, to do good to all Mankind; for which they are eminent: But alas! this Family did in the late Rebellion suffer extremely in their Estates; and the Heirs of that *Castle* saw it laid level with that earth that was too good to bury those Wretches that were the cause of it.

The Father of our *George*, was *Richard Herbert* the Son of *Edward Herbert* Knight, the Son of *Richard*

Herbert Kt. the Son of the famous Sir *Richard Herbert* of *Colebrook* in the County of *Monmouth* Banneret, who was the youngest Brother of that memorable *William Herbert* Earl of *Pembroke*, that liv'd in the Reign of our King *Edward* the fourth.

His Mother was *Magdalen Newport*, the youngest Daughter of Sir *Richard*, and Sister to Sir *Francis Newport* of *High Arkall* in the County of *Salop* Knight, and Grand-father of *Francis Newport*, now Comptroller of his Majesties Houshold. A Family that for their Loyalty, have suffered much in their Estates, and seen the Ruine of that excellent Structure, where their Ancestors have long liv'd, and been memorable for their Hospitality.

This Mother of *George Herbert* (of whose person and wisdom, and vertue, I intend to give a true account in a seasonable place) was the happy Mother of seven Sons, and three Daughters, which she would often say, was *Job's number*, and *Job's distribution*; as often blest God, that they were neither defective in their shapes, or in their reason; and very often reprove them that did not praise God for so great a blessing. I shall give the Reader a short accompt of their names, and not say much of their fortunes.

Edward the eldest was first made Knight of the *Bath*, at that glorious time of our late Prince *Henries* being Install'd Knight of the Garter; and after many years useful travel, and the attainment of many Languages, he was by King *James* sent Ambassador Resident to the then French King, *Lewis* the thirteenth. There he continued two years; but he could not subject himself to a compliance with the humors of the Duke *deLuines*, who was then the great and powerfull Favorite at Court: so that upon a complaint to our King, he was call'd back into *England* in some displeasure; but at his return he gave such an honourable account of his employment, and so justified his Comportment to the

Duke

Duke, and all the Court, that he was suddenly sent back upon the same Embassy, from which he return'd in the beginning of the Reign of our good King *Charles* the first, who made him first Baron of *Castle-Island*; and not long after of *Cherbery* in the County of *Salop*: *He was a man of great learning and reason, as appears by his Printed Book* de veritate; *and by his History of the Reign of King* Henry *the Eight, and by several other Tracts.*

The second and third Brothers were *Richard* and *William*, who ventur'd their lives to purchase Honour in the Wars of the *Low Countries*, and dyed Officers in that employment. *Charles* was the fourth, and dyed Fellow of *New-Colledge* in *Oxford*. *Henry* was the sixth who became a menial servant to the Crown in the days of King *James*, and hath continued so to do for fifty years: during all which time he hath been Master of the Revels; a place that requires a diligent wisdom, with which God hath blest him. The seventh was *Thomas*, who being made Captain of a Ship in that Fleet with which Sir *Robert Mansell* was sent against *Algiers*, did there shew a fortunate and true English valor. Of the three Sisters, I need not say more, than that they were all marryed to persons of worth, and plentiful fortunes, and liv'd to be examples of virtue, and to do good in their generations.

I now come to give my intended account of *George*, who was the fifth of those seven Brothers.

George Herbert spent much of his Childhood in a sweet content under the eye and care of his prudent mother, and the tuition of a Chaplain or Tutor to him and two of his Brothers in her own Family (for she was then a Widdow) where he continued till about the age of twelve years; and being at that time well instructed in the Rules of Gramar, he was not long after commended to the care of Dr. *Neale*, who was then Dean of *Westminster*; and by him to the care of Mr. *Ireland*, who was then chief Master of that School.

where the beauties of his piety behaviour and wit, shin'd and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age, that he seem'd to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of Heaven, and of a particular Angel to guard and guide him. And thus he continued in that School, till he came to be perfect in the learned Languages, and especially in the Greek Tongue, in which he after prov'd an excellent Critick.

About the Age of Fifteen, he being then a Kings Scholar, was elected out of that School for *Trinity College* in *Cambridge*, to which place he was transplanted about the year 1608. And his prudent Mother well knowing, that he might eatily lose, or lessen that virtue and innocence which her advice and example had planted in his mind; did therefore procure the generous and liberal Dr. *Nevil*, who was then Dean of *Canterbury*, and Master of that Colledge, to take him into his particular care, and provide him a Tutor; which he did most gladly undertake, for he knew the excellencies of his Mother, and how to value such a friendship.

This was the method of his Education, till he was setled in *Cambridge*, where we will leave him in his Study, till I have paid my promis'd account of his excellent Mother, and I will endeavour to make it short.

I have told her birth, her Marriage, and the Number of Children, and have given some short account of them: I shall next tell the Reader, that her Husband dyed when our *George* was about the Age of four years, and that she continued twelve years a Widdow: that she then married happyly to a Noble Gentleman, the Brother and Heir of the Lord *Danvers* Earl of *Danby*, who did highly value both her person and the most excellent endowments of her mind.

In this time of her widowhood, she being desirous to give *Edward* her eldest Son, such advantages of Learning and other education as might suit his birth and

and fortune, and thereby make him the more fit for the service of his Country: did at his being of a fit age remove from *Montgomery Castle* with him, and some of her younger Sons to *Oxford*, and having entred *Edward* into *Queens-College*, and provided him a fit *Tutor*, she commended him to his care; yet she continued there with him, and still kept him in a moderate awe of her self, and so much under her own eye, as to see and converse with him daily; but she managed this power over him without any such rigid fourness, as might make her company a torment to her Child, but with such a sweetness and complyance with the recreations and pleasures of youth, as did incline him willingly to spend much of his time in the company of his dear and careful Mother: which was to her a great content; for she would often say, "That as our bodies 'take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we 'feed; so our souls do as insensibly take in vice by the 'example or conversation with wicked Company. and would therefore, as often say, "That ignorance of 'Vice was the best preservation of Vertue, and that the 'very knowledg of wickedness was as tinder to inflame 'and kindle sin, and to keep it burning: For these reasons, she indeard him to her own company, and continued with him in *Oxford* four years: in which time her *great* and *harmless wit*, her *chearful gravity*, and her *obliging behaviour*, gain'd her an acquaintance and friendship with most of any eminent worth or learning that were at that time in or near that University: and particularly with Mr. *John Donne*, who then came accidentally to that place, in this time of her being there: it was that *John Donne* who was after *Doctor Donne*, and Dean of St. *Pauls London*, and he at his leaving *Oxford* writ and left there a Character of the Beauties of her body, and mind; of the first, he says,

No

No Spring *nor* Summer-Beauty *has such grace,*
As I have seen in an Autumnal *face.*

Of the latter he says,

In all her words to every hearer fit,
You may at Revels, *or at* Council *sit.*

The rest of her Character may be read in his printed Poems, in that Elegy which bears the name of the *Autumnal Beauty*. For both he and she were then past the meridian of mans life.

This Amity begun at this time, and place, was not an *Amity* that polluted their Souls; but an *Amity* made up of a chain of suitable inclinations and vertues; an *Amity*, like that of St. *Chrysostome* to his dear and vertuous *Olimpias*; whom in his Letters he calls his *Saint*: Or an *Amity* indeed more like that of St. *Hierom* to his *Paula*; whose affection to her was such, that he turn'd Poet in his old age, and then made her *Epitaph, wishing all his body were turn'd into Tongues, that he might declare her just praises to posterity*.— And this *Amity* betwixt her and Mr. *Donne*, was begun in a happy time for him, he being then near to the Fortieth year of his Age (which was some years before he entred into Sacred orders:) A time when his necessities needed a daily supply for the support of his Wife, seven Children and a Family: And in this time she prov'd one of his most bountiful Benefactors; and he as grateful an acknowledger of it. You may take one testimony for what I have said of these two worthy persons, from this following *Letter* and *Sonnet*.

MADAM.

MADAM,

'YOur Favours to me are every where; I use them, and have them. I enjoy them at *London*, and leave them there; and yet find them at *Micham*. Such Riddles as these become things inexpressible, and such is your goodness. I was almost sorry to find your Servant here this day, because I was loth to have any witness of my not coming home last Night, and indeed of my coming this Morning: But my not coming was excusable, because earnest business detain'd me; and my coming this day, is by the example of your St. *Mary Magdalen*, who rose early upon *Sunday* to seek that which she lov'd most, and so did I. And from her and my self, I return such thanks as are due to one to whom we owe all the good opinion, that they whom we need most, have of us — by this Messenger, and on this good day, I commit the inclosed *Holy Hymns* and *Sonnets* (which for the matter, not the workmanship, have yet escap'd the fire) to your judgment, and to your protection too, if you think them worthy of it; and I have appointed this inclosed *Sonnet* to usher them to your happy hand.

Your unworthiest Servant,

Micham, *unless your accepting him*
July 11.
1607. *have mended him.*

To the Lady *Magdalen Herbert*, of St. *Mary Magdalen*.

HER of your name, whose fair inheritance
Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo;
An active faith so highly did advance,
That she once knew, more then the Church did know,
The Resurrection; so much good there is
Deliver'd of her, that some Fathers be
Loth to belitve one woman could do this;
But think these Magdalens were two or three.
Increase their number, Lady, and their fame:
To their Devotion add your Innocence:
Take so much of th'example, as of the name;
The latter half; and in some recompence
That they did harbour Christ himself, a Guest,
Harbour these Hymns, to his dear name addrest.

J. D.

These *Hymns* are now lost to us; but doubtless they were such, as they two now sing in *Heaven*.

There might be more demonstrations of the Friendship, and the many sacred Indearments betwixt these two excellent persons (for I have many of their Letters in my hand) and much more might be said of her great prudence and piety: but my design was not to write hers, but the life of her Son; and therefore I shall only tell my Reader, that about that very day twenty year, that this Letter was dated, and sent her, I saw and heard this Mr. *John Donne* (who was then Dean of St. *Paul's*) weep, and preach her Funeral Sermon, in the Parish Church of *Chelsey* near *London*, where she now rests in her quiet Grave, and where we must

now

now leave her, and return to her Son *George*, whom we left in his Study in *Cambridge*.

And in *Cambridge* we may find our *George Herberts* behaviour to be such, that we may conclude, he consecrated the first-fruits of his early age to vertue, and a serious study of learning. And that he did so, this following Letter and Sonnet which were in the first year of his going to *Cambridge* sent his dear mother for a New yeats gift, may appear to be some testimony.

— *But I fear the heat of my late* Ague *hath dryed up those Springs, by which Scholars say, the Muses use to take up their habitations. However I need not their help, to reprove the vanity of those many Love-Poems, that are daily writ and consecrated to* Venus; *nor to bewail that so few are writ, that look towards God and Heaven. For my own part, my meaning* (dear Mother) *is in these Sonnets, to declare my resolution to be, that my Poor Abilities in* Poetry, *shall be all, and ever consecrated to Gods glory. And* —

MY God, where is that ancient heat towards thee,
Wherewith whole shoals of Martyrs once did burn,
Besides their other flames? Doth Poetry
Wear Venus Livery? only serve her turn?
Why are not Sonnets made of thee? and layes
Upon thine Altar burnt? Cannot thy love
Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise
As well as any she? Cannot thy Dove
Out-strip their Cupid easily in flight?
Or, since thy ways are deep, and still the same,
Will not a verse run smooth that bears thy name?
Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might,
Each breast does feel, no braver fewel choose
Than that, which one day, Worms may chance refuse?

Sure

that University his Book, called *Basilicon Doron*; and their *Orator* was to acknowledg this great Honour, and

Sute Lord, there is enough in thee to dry
Oceans of Ink; for, as the Deluge did
Cover the Earth, so doth thy Majesty:
Each Cloud distils thy praise, and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another use.
Roses and Lillies speak thee; and to make
A pair of Cheeks of them, is thy abuse.
Why should I Womens eyes for Chrystal take?
Such poor invention burns in their low mind
Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
To praise, and on thee, Lord, some Ink bestow.
Open the boxes, and you shall nothing find
In the best face but filth; when Lord, in thee
The beauty lies in the discovery, G.H.

This was his resolution at the sending this Letter to his dear Mother; about which time, he was in the Seventeenth year of his Age; and as he grew older, so he grew in learning, and more and more in favour both with God and man: insomuch, that in this morning of that short day of his life, he seem'd to be mark'd out for vertue, and to become the care of Heaven; for God still kept his soul in so holy a frame, that he may, and ought to be a pattern of vertue to all posterity; and especially, to his Brethren of the Clergy, of which the Reader may expect a more exact account in what will follow.

I need not declare that he was a strict Student, because, that he was so, there will be many testimonies in the future part of his life: I shall therefore only tell that he was made *Minor Fellow* in the year 1609. *Batchelor of Art* in the year 1611. *Major Fellow* of the *College*, *March* 15. 1615. And that in that year, he was also made *Master of Arts*, he being then in the 22d year of his

his age; during all which time, all or the greatest diversion from his Study, was the practice of Musick, in which he became a great Master, and of which he would say, *That it did relieve his drooping spirits, compose his distracted thoughts, and raised his weary soul so far above Earth, that it gave him an earnest of the joys of Heaven, before he possest them.* And it may be noted, that from his first entrance into the Colledg, the generous Dr. *Nevil* was a cherisher of his Studies, and such a lover of his person, his behaviour, and the excellent endowments of his mind, that he took him often into his own company; by which he confirm'd his native gentileness; and if during this time he expresst any Error, it was, that he kept himself too much retir'd, and at too great a distance with all his inferiours: and his cloaths seem'd to prove, that he put to great a value on his parts and Parentage.

This may be some account of his disposition; and of the employment of his time, till he was *Master of Arts*, which was *Anno* 1615. and in the year 1619. he was chosen Orator for the University. His two precedent Orators were Sir *Robert Naunton*, and Sir *Francis Nethersoll*: The first was not long after made Secretary of State; and Sir *Francis*, not very long after his being Orator, was made Secretary to the Lady *Elizabeth* Queen of *Bohemia*. — In this place of Orator, our *George Herbert* continued eight years, and manag'd it with as becoming, and grave a gaiety, as any had ever before, or since his time. For *He had acquir'd great Learning, and was blest with a high fancy, a civil and sharp wit, and with a natural elegance, both in his behaviour, his tongue, and his pen.* Of all which, there might be very many particular evidences, but I will limit my self to the mention of but three.

And the first notable occasion of shewing his fitness for this employment of *Orator*, was manifested in a Letter to King *James*, upon the occasion of his sending

that

that University his Book, called *Basilicon Doron*; and their *Orator* was to acknowledg this great Honour, and return their gratitude to his Majesty for such a condescention; at the close of which Letter he writ,

Quid Vaticanum Bodlejanumque objicis, hospes? amicus ille nobis Bibliotheca Liber.

This Letter was writ in such excellent Latin, was so full of Conceits, and all the expressions were so suted to the Genius of the King, that he inquired the Orators name, and then ask'd *William* Earl of *Pembroke*, if he knew him? whose answer was, *That he knew him very well; and that he was his Kinsman, but he lov'd him more for his learning and virtue, than for that he was of his name and family.* At which answer the King smil'd, and asked the Earl leave, *that he might love him too; for he took him to be the Jewel of that University.*

The next occasion that he had to shew his great abilities, was with them, to shew also his great affection to that Church, in which he received his *Baptism*, and of which he profest himself a member; and the occasion was this: There was one *Andrew Melvin*, a Gentleman of *Scotland*, who was in his own Country possest with an averseness, if not a hatred, of *Church government by Bishops*; and he seem'd to have the like averseness to our manner of *Publick worship*, and *Church-prayers* and *Ceremonies*. This Gentleman had travail'd *France*, and resided so long in *Geneva*, as to have his opinions the more confirm'd in him by the practice of that place; from which he return'd into *England* some short time before, or immediately after Mr. *Herbert* was made *Orator*. This Mr. *Melvin* was a man of Learning, and was the Master of a great wit, a wit full of *knots* and *clenches*: a wit, sharp and satyrical; exceeded, I think, by none of that Nation, but their *Buchanan*. At Mr. *Melvins* return hither, he writ and scattered in Latin, many pieces of his wit against our *Altars*, our *Prayer*, and our *Publick Worship* of God; in which, Mr. *Herbert*

bert took himself to be so much concern'd, that as fast as *Melvin* writ and scatter'd them, Mr *Herbert* writ and scatter'd answers, and reflections of the same sharpness upon him and them; I think to the satisfaction of all un-ingaged persons. But this Mr. *Melvin* was not only so busie against the Church, but at last so bold with the *King* and *State*, that he rayl'd, and writ himself into the *Tower*; at which time, the Lady *Arabella* was an innocent prisoner there: and he pleas'd himself much in sending the next day after his Commitment, these two Verses to the good Lady; which I will under write, because they may give the Reader a taste of his others, which were like these.

Causa tibi mecum est communis, Carceris, Ara;
Bella tibi causa est, Araque sacra mihi.

I shall not trouble my Readers with an account of his enlargement from that Prison, or his Death, but tell him, Mr. *Herberts* Verses were thought so worthy to be preserv'd, that Dr. *Donne* the learned Dean of *Peterborough*, hath lately collected, and caus'd them to be printed, as an honourable memorial of his friend Mr. *George Herbert*, and the cause he undertook.

And in order to my third and last observation of his great Abilities, it will be needful to declare, that about this time King *James* came very often to hunt at *New-market* and *Royston*; and was almost as often invited to *Cambridge*, where his entertainment was suted to his pleasant humor. With the Comedies of *Alba* and where Mr. *George Herbert* was to welcom him with *Gratulations*, and the *Applause* of an *Orator*, which he always performed so well, that he still grew more into the Kings favour; insomuch, that he had a person of appointment to attend His Majesty at *Royston*, where after a Discourse with him, His Majesty declar'd to his Kinsman,

Kinsman, the Earl of *Pembroke*, *That he found the Orators learning and wisdom, much above his age or wit.* The year following, the King appointed to end his progress at *Cambridge*, and to stay there certain dates; at which time he was attended by the great Secretary of Nature and all Learning, Sir *Francis Bacon* (Lord *Verulam*) and by the ever memorable and learned Dr. *Andrews* Bishop of *Winchester*, both which did at that time begin a desir'd friendship with our *Orator*. Upon whom the first got such a value on his judgment, that he usually desir'd his approbation, before he would expose any of his Books to be printed; and thought him so worthy of his friendship, that having translated many of the Prophet *Davids* Psalms into English Verse, he made *George Herbert* his Patron of them, by a publick dedication of them to him, as the best Judge of *Divine Poetry*. And for the learned Bishop, it is observable, that at that time, there fell to be a modest debate betwixt them two about *Predestination*, and *Sanctity of life*; of both which, the *Orator* did not long after lend the Bishop some safe and useful *Aphorisms*, in a long Letter written in Greek; which Letter was so remarkable for the language, and matter, that after the reading of it, the Bishop put it into his bosom; and did often shew it to many Scholars, both of this, and forreign Nations; but did always return it back to the place where he first lodg'd it, and continued it so near his heart, till the last day of his life.

To these I might add the long and entire friendship betwixt him and Sir *Henry Wotton*, and Dr. *Donne*, but I have propos'd to contract my self, and therefore only add one remembrance of what is also mentioned in the Life of Dr. *Donne*, namely, that a little before his death, he caused many Seals to be made, and fix them to be ingraven the figure of *Christ* crucified on an *Anchor* (the emblem of hope) and of which Dr. *Donne* would often say, *Crux mihi Anchora.* — These Seals, he gave or sent

to most of those friends on which he put a value; and at Mr. *Herberts* death, these Verses were found wrapt up with that Seal which was by the Doctor given to him.

When my dear Friend could write no more,
He gave this Seal, *and so gave o're.*

When winds and waves rise highest, I am sure,
This Anchor *keeps my* faith, *that me secure.*

At this time of being *Orator*, he had learnt to understand the *Italian*, *Spanish*, and *French* Tongues very perfectly; hoping that as his predecessors, so he might in time attain the place of *Secretary of State*, he being at that time very high in the Kings favour; and not meanly valued and lov'd by the most eminent and most powerfull of the Court Nobility: This and the love of a Court-conversation mixt with a laudable ambition to be something more than he then was, drew him often from *Cambridge* to attend the King wheresoever the Court was, who then gave him a *Sine Cure*, which fell into his Majesties disposal, I think, by the death of the Bishop of St. *Asaph*. It was the same, that Queen *Elizabeth* had formerly given to her Favorite Sir *Philip Sidney*; and valued to be worth an hundred and twenty pound *per Annum*. With this, and his Annuity, and the advantage of his Colledg, and of his *Oratorship*, he enjoy'd his gentile humor for Cloaths, and Court-like company, and seldom look'd towards *Cambridge*, unless the King were there, but then he never fail'd; and at other times, left the mannage of his *Orators* place, to his learned friend Mr. *Herbert Thorndike*, who is now Prebend of *Westminster*.

I may not omit to tell, that he had often design'd to leave the University, and decline all Study, which he thought did impair his health; for he had a body apt to a *Consumption*, and to *Fevers*, and other infirmities which

which he judg'd were increas'd by his Studies; for he would often say. *He had too thoughtful a wit: a wit like a Penknife in too narrow a sheath, too sharp for his Body.* But his Mother would by no means allow him to leave the University, or to travel; to which, though he inclin'd very much, yet he would by no means satisfie his own desires at so dear a rate, as to prove an undutiful Son to so affectionate a Mother; but did always submit to her wisdom: And what I have now said, may partly appear in a Copy of Verses in his printed Poems; 'tis one of those that bears the title of *Affliction*: And it appears to be a pious reflection on Gods providence, and some passages of his life, and in which he saies,

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the Town:
Thou did'st betray me to a lingring Book,
And wrapt me in Gown.
I was intangled in a world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatned oft the Siege to raise,
Not simpring all mine age:
Thou often did'st with Academick praise
Melt and dissolve my rage;
I took the sweetned Pill, till I came where
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet, lest perchance, I should too happy be
In my unhappiness;
Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gifts good; yet me from my ways taking.

Now

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my Books will shew:
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a Tree,
For then sure I should grow
To fruit or shade; at least, some Bird would trust
Her Houshold with me, and I would be just.

Yet, though thou troubles me, I must be meek;
In weakness must be stout:
Well, I will change my service, and go seek
Some other Master out.
Ah my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

G. H.

In this time of Mr. *Herberts* attendance and expectation of some good occasion to remove from *Cambridge*, to Court; God in whom there is an unseen Chain of Causes, did in a short time put an end to the lives of two of his most obliging and most powerful friends, *Ludowick* Duke of *Richmond*, and *James* Marquess of *Hamilton*; and not long after him, King *James* dyed also, and with them all Mr. *Herberts* Court-hopes: So that he presently betook himself to a Retreat from *London*, to a Friend in *Kent*, where he liv'd very privately, and was such a lover of solitariness, as was judg'd to impair his health, more then his Study had done. In this time of Retirement, he had many Conflicts with himself, whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a Court-life, or betake himself to a Study of Divinity, and enter into Sacred Orders? (to which his dear Mother had often perswaded him.) These were such Conflicts, as they only can know, that have endur'd them; for ambitious Desires, and the outward Glory of this

World,

World, are not easily laid aside; but at last, God inclin'd him to put on a resolution to serve at his Altar.

He did at his return to *London*, aquaint a Court friend with his resolution to enter into Sacred Orders, who perswaded him to alter it, as too mean an employment and too much below his birth; and the excellent abilities and endowments of his mind. To which he replyed, *It hath been formerly judg'd, that the Domestick Servants of the King of Heaven, should be of the noblest Families on Earth; and though the Iniquity of the late times have made Clergy-men meanly valued, and the Sacred name of Priest contemptible; yet I will labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my Learning, and all my poor abilities, to advance the glory of that God that gave them; knowing, that I can never do too much for him, that hath done so much for me, as to make me a Christian. And I will labour to be like my Saviour, by making Humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and by following the merciful and meek example of my dear Jesus.*

This was then his resolution, and the God of Constancy, who intended him for a great example of vertue, continued him in it; for within that year he was made Deacon; but the day when, or by whom, I cannot learn; but that he was about that time made Deacon, is most certain; for I find by the Records of *Lincoln*, that he was made prebend of *Layton Ecclesia*, in the Diocess of *Lincoln*, *July* 15. 1626. and that this Prebend was given him, by *John then Lord Bishop of that See*. And now he had a fit occasion to shew that Piety and Bounty that was deriv'd from his generous Mother, and his other memorable Ancestors, and the occasion was this.

This *Layton Ecclesia*, is a Village near to *Spalding* in the County of *Huntington*, and the greatest part of the Parish Church was fallen down, and that of it which stood, was so decayed, so little, and so useless, that the Parishioners could not meet to perform their Duty to God in publick prayer and praise; and this it had been

been for almost twenty years, in which time there had been some faint endeavours for a publick collection, to enable the Parishioners to rebuild it; but with no success till *Mr. Herbert* undertook it; and, he by his own, and the contribution of many of his Kindred and other noble Friends, undertook the re-edification of it; and made it so much his whole business, that he became restless, till he saw it finisht as it now stands; being, for the workmanship, a costly *Mosaick*; for the form, an *exact Cross*; and for the decency and beauty, I am assur'd it is the most remarkable Parish-Church, that this Nation affords. He liv'd to see it so wainscoated, as to be exceeded by none; and by his order, the Reading Pew, and Pulpit, were a little distant from each other, and both of an equal hight; for he would often say, *They should neither have a precedency or priority of the other: but that* Prayer *and* Preaching *being equally useful, might agree like Brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation.*

Before I proceed farther, I must look back to the time of Mr. *Herberts* being made Prebend, and tell the Reader, that not long after, his Mother being inform'd of his intentions to re-build that Church, and apprehending the great trouble and charge that he was like to draw upon himself, his Relations, and Friends, before it could be finisht; sent for him from *London to Chelsey* (where she then dwelt) and at his coming, said — George, *I sent for you, to perswade you to commit Simony, by giving your patron as good a gift as he has given to you; namely, that you give him back his Prebend; for, George, is it not for your weak body, and empty purse, to undertake to build Churches.* Of which, he desir'd he might have a Days time to consider, and then make her an Answer: And at his return to her at the next Day, when he had first desired her blessing, and she given it him, his next request was, *That she would at the Age of Thirty three Years, allow him to become an* undutiful Son; *for he had made*

made a Vow to God, that if he were able, he would Rebuild that Church: And then she w'd her such reasons for his resolution, that she presently subscribed to be one of his Benefactors, and undertook to solicit *William* Earl of *Pembroke* to become another, who subscribed for 50*l.* and not long after, by a witty, and perswasive Letter from Mr. *Herbert*, made it 50*l.* more. And in this nomination of some of his Benefactors, *James* Duke of *Lenox*, and his Brother Sir *Henry Herbert*, ought to be remembred; as also the bounty of Mr. *Nicholas Farrer* and Mr. *Arthur Woodnot*; the one, a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood of *Layton*, and the other a Gold-smith in *Foster-lane*, *London*, ought not to be forgotten: For the memory of such men ought to out-live their lives. Of Mr. *Farrer*, I shall hereafter give account in a more seasonable place; but before I proceed farther, I will give this short account of Mr. *Arthur Woodnot*.

He was a man, that had consider'd, overgrown Estates do often require more care and watchfulness to preserve, than get them; and consider'd that there be many Discontents, that Riches cure not; and did therefore set limits to himself as to desire of wealth: And having attain'd so much as to be able to shew some mercy to the Poor, and preserve a competence for himself, he dedicated the remaining part of his life to the service of God; and being useful for his Friends: and he prov'd to be so to Mr. *Herbert*; for besides his own bounty, he collected and return'd most of the money that was paid for the Re-building of that Church; he kept all the account of the charges, and would often go down to state them, and see all the Workmen paid. When I have said, that this good man was a useful Friend to Mr. *Herbert*'s Father, and to his Mother, and continued to be so to him, till he clos'd his eyes on his Death-bed; I will forbear to say more, till I have the next fair occasion to mention the holy friendship that was betwixt him and Mr. *Herbert*. — From whom Mr. *Woodnot*

would not carryed to his Mother this following Letter, and deliver'd it to her in a sickness which was not long before that which prov'd to be her last.

A Letter of Mr. George Herbert *to his Mother, in her sickness.*

MADAM,

At my last parting from you, I was the better content, because I was in hope I should my self carry all sickness out of your family; but since I knew I did not, and that your share continues, or rather increaseth, I wish earnestly that I were again with you; and would quickly make good my wish, but that my employment doth fix me here, being now but a month to our Commencement: wherein, my absence by how much it naturally augmenteth suspicion, by so much shall it make my prayers the more constant and the more earnest for you to the God of all Consolation. — In the meantime I beseech you to be chearful, and comfort your self in the God of all Comfort, who is not willing to behold any sorrow but for sin. — what hath Affliction grievous in it more then for a moment? or why should our afflictions here have so much power or boldness as to oppose the hope of our Joys hereafter? — Madam, As the Earth is but a point in respect of the Heavens, so are earthly Troubles compar'd to heavenly Joys, therefore, if either Age or Sickness lead you to those Joys, consider what advantage you have over Youth and Health, who are now so near those true Comforts. — Your last Letter gave me an Earthly preferment, and keeps Heavenly for your self: but would you divide and choose Joy? our Colledg Customs allow not that; and I shou'd account

count my self most happy if I might change with you; for I have always observ'd the three of Life to be like other threds or skeines of silk, full of snarles and incumbrances. Happy is he, whose bottom is wound up and laid ready for work in the New Jerusalem. — For my self, dear Mother, I always fear'd sickness more then death, because sickness hath made me unable to perform those Offices for which I came into the world, and must yet be kept in it; but you are freed from that fear, who have already abundantly discharg'd that part, having both ordered your Family, and brought up your Children that they have attain'd to the years of Discretion, and competent maintenance. — So that now if they do not well, the fault cannot be charg'd on you, whose Example and Care of them will justifie you both to the world and your own Conscience; in somuch, that whither you turn your thoughts on the life past, or on the Joyes that are to come, you have strong preservatives against all disquiet. — And for temporal Afflictions! I beseech you consider all that can happen to you are either afflictions of Estate, or Body, or Mind. — For those of Estate, of what poor regard ought they to be, since if we had Riches we are commanded to give them away? so that the best use of them is, having, not to have them. — But perhaps being above the Common people, our credit and estimation calls on us to live in a more splendid fashion: — but, Oh God! how easily is that answered, when we consider that the blessings in the holy Scripture, are never given to the rich, but to the Poor. I never find Blessed be the Rich; or blessed be the Noble; but Blessed be the Meek, and, Blessed be the Poor, and Blessed be the Mourner; for they shall be comforted — and yet, Oh God! most carry themselves so, as if they not only not desir'd, but were fear'd to be blessed. — And for afflictions of the Body, dear Madam, remember the holy Martyrs of God, how they have been burnt by thousands, and have endur'd such other tortures, as the very mention of them might beget amazement; but their Fiery trials have had an end: and yours (which praised be God are less) are not like

to

to continue long. — *I beseech you let such thoughts as these moderate your present fear and sorrow: and know, that if any of yours should prove a* Goliah-*like trouble, yet you may say with* David, — That God who hath delivered me out of the paws of the Lyon and Bear, will also deliver me out of the hands of this uncircumcised *Philistin.* — *Lastly, for those afflictions of the Soul, consider that God intends that to be as a* Sacred Temple *for himself to dwell in, and will not allow any room there for such an Inmate as Grief; or allow that any sadness shall be this Competitor. And above all, If any care of future things molest you, remember those admirable words of the Psalmist,*

Cast thy care on the Lord and he shall nourish thee. *To which joyn that of* St. Peter, Casting all your care on the Lord, for he careth for you. — *What an admirable thing is this, that God puts his shoulder to our burthen, and entertains our Care for us, that we may the more quietly intend his service.* — *To Conclude, let me commend only one place more to you* (Philip. 4.4.) St. Paul *saith there:* Rejoyce in the Lord alwaies, and again I say rejoyce. *He doubles it to take away the scruple of those that might say, what shall we rejoyce in afflictions? yes, I say again rejoyce; so that it is not just to us to rejoyce or not rejoyce: but whatsoever befalls us, we must alwaies, at all times rejoyce in the Lord, who taketh care for us: and it follows in the next verse:* Let your moderation appear to all men, the Lord is at hand; be careful for nothing. *What can be said more comfortably? trouble not your selves, God is at hand to deliver us from all, or in all.* — Dear Madam, *pardon my boldness, and accept the good meaning of,*

This. Col. *May* 29. 1622.

Psal. 55. 1 Pet. 5. 7

Your most obedient Son,

George Herbert.

About

About the year 1629. and the 34th of his age, Mr. *Herbert* was seiz'd with a sharp *Quotidian Ague*, and thought to remove it by the change of Air; to which end, he went to *Woodford* in *Essex*, but thither more chiefly, to enjoy the company of his beloved Brother Sir *Henry Herbert*, and other Friends then of that Family. In his House he remain'd about twelve Months and there became his own Physitian, and cur'd himself of his Ague, by forbearing Drink, and not eating any Meat, no not Mutton, nor a Hen, or Pidgeon, unless they were salted; and by such a constant Dyet, he remov'd his Ague, but with inconveniences that were worse; for he brought upon himself a dispofition to Rheums, and other weaknesses, and a supposed Consumption. And it is to be noted, that in the sharpest of his extream fits, he would often say, *Lord abate my great affliction, or increase my patience; but, Lord, I resist not; I am dumb, Lord, before thee, because thou dost it.* By which, and a sanctified submission to the Will of God, he shewed he was inclinable to bear the sweet yoke of *Christian Discipline*, both then, and in the latter part of his life, of which there will be many true Testimonies.

And now his care was to recover from his Consumption by a change from *Woodford* into such an Air as was most proper to that end. And his remove was from *Woodford* to *Damsy* in *Wiltshire*, a noble House which stands in a choice Air, the owner of it then was the Lord *Danvers* Earl of *Danby*, who lov'd Mr. *Herbert* so very much, that he allow'd him such an apartment in it, as might best suite Mr. *Herberts* accomodation and liking. And in this place, by a *spare Dyet*, declining all *perplexing Studies*, *moderate exercise*, and a *chearful conversation*, his health was apparently improv'd to a good degree of strength of chearfulness: And then, he declar'd his resolution both to marry, and to enter into the Sacred Orders of Priesthood: These had long been

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he desires of his Mother, and his other Relations; but she liv'd not to see either, for she dyed in the year 1627. And though he was disobedient to her about *Layton* Church, yet in conformity to her will, he kept his Fellowship in *Cambridge*, and his Orators place, till after her death; and then presently declin'd both: And the last the more willingly, that he might be succeeded by his friend *Robert Creighton*, who now is Dr. *Creighton*, and the worthy Bishop of *Wells*.

I shall now proceed to his Marriage; in order to which, it will be convenient, that I first give the Reader a short view of his person, and then, an account of his Wife, and of some circumstances concerning both. — *He was for his person of a stature inclining towards Tallness; his body was very straight, and so far from being cumbred with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was chearful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a Gentleman, for they were all so meek and obliging, that they purchased love and respect from all that knew him.*

These and his other visible vertues begot him so much love from a Gentleman, of a noble fortune, and a near Kinsman to his friend the Earl of *Danby*; namely, from Mr. *Charles Danvers* of *Bainton*, in the County of *Wilts* Esq; That Mr. *Danvers* having known him long, and familiarly, did so much affect him, that he often and publickly declar'd a desire that Mr. *Herbert* would marry any of his Nine Daughters (for he had so many) but rather his Daughter *Jane*, than any other, because *Jane was his beloved Daughter*: And he had often said the same to Mr. *Herbert* himself; and that if he could like her for a Wife, and she him for a Husband, *Jane* should have a double blessing: and Mr. *Danvers* had so often said the like to *Jane*, and so much commended Mr. *Herbert* to her, that *Jane* became so much a Platonick, as to fall in love with Mr. *Herbert* unseen.

This was a fair preparation for a Marriage; but alas

her Father dyed, before Mr. *Herberts* retirement to *Dantsie*; yet some friends to both parties, procur'd their meeting; at which time a mutual affection entred into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprized City; and Love having got such possession govern'd, and made there such Laws and resolutions, as neither party was able to resist; insomuch that she chang'd her name into *Herbert*, the third day after this first interview.

This haste might in others be thought a *Lovefrensie*, or worse: but it was not; for they had wooed so like Princes, as to have select Proxies: such, as were true friends to both parties; such as well understood Mr. *Herberts*, and her temper of mind; and also their Estates so well, before this Interview, that the suddenness was justifiable, by the strictest Rules of prudence: And the more, because it prov'd so happy to both parties; for the eternal lover of Mankind made them happy in each others mutual and equal affections and complyance; indeed so happy, that there was never any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a complyance with the others desires. And though this begot and continued in them such a mutual *love* and *joy*, and *content*, as was no way defective; yet this mutual *content* and *love*, and *joy*, did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine Souls, as was only improvable in Heaven, where they now enjoy it.

About three months after his Marriage, Dr. *Curle*, who was then Rector of *Bemerton* in *Wiltshire*, was made Bishop of *Bath* and *Wells* (and not long after translated to *Winchester*, and by that means the presentation of a Clerk to *Bemerton* did not fall to the Earl of *Pembroke* (who was the undoubted Patron of it) but to the King, by reason of Dr. *Curles* advancement: but *Philip* then Earl of *Pembroke* (for *William* was lately dead) requested

queſted the King to beſtow it upon his Kinſman *George Herbert*; and the King ſaid, *Moſt willingly to Mr. Herbert, if it be worth his acceptance*: and the Earl as willingly and ſuddenly ſent it him, without ſeeking; but though Mr. *Herbert* had formerly put on a reſolution for the Clergy; yet at receiving this Preſentation, the apprehenſion of the laſt great Account that he was to make for the Cure of ſo many Souls, made him faſt and pray often, and conſider, for not leſs than a month: in which time he had ſome reſolutions to decline both the Prieſthood, and that Living. And in this time of conſidering, *He endur'd* (as he would often ſay) *ſuch ſpiritual Conflicts, as none can think, but only thoſe that have endur'd them.*

In the midſt of thoſe conflicts, his old and dear friend Mr. *Arthur Woodnot*, took a journey to ſalute him at *Bainton* (where he then was with his Wives Friends and Relations) and was joyful to be an Eye-witneſs of his Health, and happy Marriage. And after they had rejoyc'd together ſome few daies, they took a journey to *Wilton*, the famous Seat of the Earls of *Pembroke*; at which time the King, the Earl, and the whole Court were there, or at *Salisbury* which is near to it. And at this time Mr. *Herbert* preſented his thanks to the Earl, for his preſentation to *Bemerton*, but had not yet reſolv'd to accept it, and told him the reaſon why; but that night the Earl acquainted Dr. *Laud*, the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, with his Kinſmans irreſolution. And the Biſhop did the next day ſo convince Mr. *Herbert*, *That the refuſal of it was a ſin*, that a Taylor was ſent for to come ſpeedily from *Salisbury* to *Wilton*, to take meaſure and make him Canonical Cloaths, againſt next day: which the Taylor did; and Mr *Herbert* being ſo habited, went with his preſentation to the learned Dr. *Davenant*, who was then Biſhop of *Salisbury*, and he gave him Inſtitution immediately (for Mr. *Herbert* had been made Deacon ſome years before) and he was alſo the

same day (which was *April* 26. 1630.) inducted into the good, and more pleasant, than healthful Parsonage of *Bemerton*: which is a Mile from *Salisbury*.

'I have now brought him to the Parsonage of *Bemerton*, and to the Thirty sixth Year of his Age, and must 'stop here, and bespeak the Reader to prepare for an 'almost incredible story, of the great Sanctity of the 'short remainder of his holy life; a life so full of *Charity*, *Humility*, and all Christian vertues, that it deserves 'the eloquence of St. *Chrysostom* to commend and de-'clare it! A life! that if it were related by a Pen like 'his, there would then be no need for this Age to look 'back into times past for the examples of primitive pi-'ety: for they might be all found in the life of *George* 'Herbert. But now, alass, who is fit to undertake it? I 'confess I am not: and am not pleas'd with my self that 'must; and profess my self amaz'd, when I consider 'how few of the Clergy liv'd like him then, and how 'many live so unlike him now: But it becomes not me 'to censure: my design is rather to assure the Reader, 'that I have used very great diligence to inform my 'self, that I might inform him of the truth of what fol-'lows; and though I cannot adorn it with eloquence, 'yet I will do it with sincerity.

When at his induction he was shut into *Bemerton* Church, being left there alone to toll the Bell, as the law requires him: he staid so much longer than an ordinary time, before he return'd to his Friends that staid expecting him at the Church-door, that his Friend, Mr. *Woodnot*, looked in at the Church-window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the Altar: at which time and place (as he after told Mr. *Woodnot*) he set some Rules to himself, for the future manage of his life; and then and there made a vow, to labour to keep them.

And the same night that he had his Induction, he said to Mr. *Woodnot*, *I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts*

thoughts, and think my self more happy than if I had attain'd what I so ambitiously thirsted for: And I can now behold the Court with an impartial Eye, and see plainly, that it is made up of Fraud, *and* Titles, *and* Flattery, *and many other such empty imaginary painted Pleasures: Pleasures, that are so empty, as not to satisfie when they are enjoy'd; but in God and his service, is a fulness of all* Joy *and* pleasure, *and no satiety: and I will now use all my endeavours to bring my Relations and Dependants to a love and relyance on him, who never fails those that trust him. But above all, I will be sure to live well, because the vertuous life of a Clergy-man, is the most powerful eloquence to perswade all that see it, to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like him. And this I will do, because I know we live in an Age that hath more need of good examples, than precepts. And I beseech that God, who hath honour'd me so much as to call me to serve at his Altar: that as by his special grace he hath put into my heart these good desires, and resolutions: so he will by his assisting grace give me ghostly strength to bring the same too good effect: and that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others, as to bring Glory to my* JESUS, whom I have this day taken for my Master and Governor; *and am so proud of his service, that I will always observe, and obey and do his will, and always call him* Jesus my Master: *and I will always contemn my birth, or any title or dignity that can be conferr'd upon me, when I shall compare them with my title of being a* Priest, *and serving at the* Altar *of* Jesus my Master,

And that he did so, may appear in many parts of his Book of *Sacred Poems*; especially, in that which he calls the *Odour*. In which he seems to rejoyce in the thoughts of that word *Jesus*, and say that the adding these words *my Master* to it, and the often repetition of them, seem'd to perfume his mind, and leave an oriental fragrancy in his very breath. And for his unforc'd choice to serve at Gods Altar, he seems in another place of his Poems

(*the Pearl*, Matth. 13.) to rejoyce and say — *He knew the waies of Learning: knew what nature does willingly; and what when 'tis forc'd by Fire: knew the waies of honour, and when glory inclines the Soul to noble expressions: knew the Court; knew the waies of pleasure, of love, of wit, of musick, and upon what terms he declined all these for the service of his* Master JESUS; and concludes saying,

That, through these Labyrinths, not my groveling Wit,
But thy Silk-twist, let down from Heaven to me;
Did both conduct, and teach me, how by it,
To climb to thee.

The third day after he was made Rector of *Bemerton*, and had chang'd his sword and silk Cloaths into a Canonical Coat; he return'd so habited with his friend Mr. *Woodnot* to *Bainton*: And immediately after he had seen and saluted his Wife, he said to her — *You are now a Ministers Wife, and must now so far forget your Fathers house, as not to claim a precedence of any of your Parishioners; for you are to know, that a Priests Wife can challenge no precedence or place, but that which she purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure, places so purchased do best become them.* And let me tell you, *That I am so good a Herald, as to assure you that this is truth.* And she was so meek a Wife, *as to assure him it was no vexing News to her, and that he should see her observe it with a chearful willingness.* And indeed her unforc'd humility that humility that was in her so original, as to be born with her, made her so happy as to do so, and her doing so, begot her an unfeigned love, and a serviceable respect from all that conversed with her, and this love followed her in all places, as inseparably, as shadows follow the substance in Sun-shine.

It was not many dayes before he return'd back to *Bemerton*, to view the Church, and repair the Chancel, and

and indeed to rebuild almost three parts of his house; which was fall'n down or decayed by reason of his Predecessors living at a better Parsonage house, namely at *Minal* 16 or 20 miles from this place. At which time of Mr. Herberts coming alone to *Bemerton*, there came to him a poor old Woman, with an intent to acquaint him with her necessitous condition, as also with some troubles of her mind; but after she had spoken some few words to him, she was surpriz'd with a fear, and that begot a shortness of breath, so that her spirits and speech fail'd her; which he perceiving, did so compassionate her, and was so humble, that he took her by the hand, and said, *Speak good Mother, be not afraid to speak to me, for I am a man that will hear you with patience; and will relieve your necessities too, if I be able; and this I do willingly, and therefore,* Mother, *be not afraid to acquaint me with what you desire.* After which comfortable speech he again took her by the hand, made her sit down by him, and understanding she was of his Parish, he told her, *He would be acquainted with her and take her into his care*: And having with patience heard and understood her wants (and it is some relief for a poor body to be but hear'd with patience) he like a Christian Clergyman comforted her by his meek behaviour and counsel; but because that cost him nothing, he reliev'd her with money too, and so sent her home with a chearful heart, praising God, and praying for him. *Thus worthy and* (like *Davids* blessed man) *thus lowly, was* Mr. George Herbert *in his own eyes.*

At his return that Night to his Wife at *Bainton*, he gave her an account of the passages 'twixt him and the poor Woman: with which she was so effected, that she went next day to *Salisbury*, and there bought a pair of Blankets and sent them as a Token of her love to the poor Woman: and with them a Message, *That she would see and be acquainted with her, when her house was built at* Bemerton.

There

There be many such passages both of him and his Wife, of which some few will be related; but I shall first tell, that he hasted to get the Parish-Church repair'd; then to beautifie the Chappel (which stands near his house) and that at his own great charge. He then proceeded to re-build the greatest part of the Parsonage-house, which he did also very compleatly, and at his own charge; and having done this good work, he caus'd these Verses to be writ upon, or ingraven in the Mantle of the Chimney in his Hall.

To my Successor.

If thou chance for to find
A new House to thy mind,
And built without thy cost:
Be good to the Poor,
As God gives the store,
And then my Labour's not lost.

We will now by the Readers favour suppose him fixt at *Bemerton*, and grant him to have seen the Church repair'd, and the Chappel belonging to it very decently adorn'd, at his own great charge: (which is a real Truth) and having now fixt him there, I shall proceed to give an account of the rest of his behaviour to to his Parishioners, and those many others that knew and convers'd with him.

Doubtless Mr. *Herbert* had consider'd and given Rules to himself for his Christian carriage both to God and man before he enter'd into *Holy Orders*. And 'tis not unlike,

unlike, but that he renewed those resolutions at his prostration before the *Holy Altar*, at his induction into the Church of *Bemerton*; but as yet he was but a *Deacon* and therefore long'd for the next *Ember-week*, that he might be ordained *Priest*, and made capable of administring both the Sacraments. At which time, the Reverend Doctor *Humphry Hinchman*, now Lord Bishop of *London* (who does not mention him, but with some veneration for the life and excellent learning of Mr. *George Herbert*) tells me, *He laid his hand on Mr.* George Herberts *Head, and (alas!) within less then three Years lent his Shoulder to carry his dear Friend to his Grave.*

And that Mr. *Herbert* might the better preserve those holy Rules which such a Priest as he intended to be, ought to observe; and that time might not insensibly blot them out of his memory, but the next year shew him his variations from this years resolutions; he therefored id set down his Rules in that order, as the World now sees them printed in a little Book, call'd, *The Country Parson*, in which some of his Rules are:

The Parsons Knowledg.
The Parson on Sundays.
The Parson Praying.
The Parson Preaching.
The Parsons Charity.
The Parson comforting the Sick.
The Parson arguing.
The Parson Condescending.
The Parson in his Journeys.
The Parson in his Mirth.
The Parson with his Churchwardens.
The Parson Blessing the people.

And his behaviour toward God and man, may be said to be a practical Comment on these, and the other holy Rules set down in that useful Book. A Book, so full of plain, prudent and useful Rules, that, that *Country Parson*, that can spare 12 *l.* and yet wants it, is scarce excusable; because it will both direct him what he ought to do, and convince him for not having done it.

At the Death of Mr. *Herbert*, this Book fell into the

hands of his friend Mr. *Woodnot*; and he commended it into the trusty hands of Mr. *Bar. Oly*, who publish't it with a most conscientious, and excellent preface; from which I have had some of those Truths, that are related in this life of Mr. *Herbert*. The Text for his first Sermon was taken out of *Solomons Proverbs*, and the words were, *Keep thy heart with all diligence*. In which first Sermon, he gave his Parishioners many necessary, holy, safe Rules for the discharge of a good Conscience, both to God and man. And deliver'd his Sermon after a more florid manner, both with great learning and eloquence; and at the close of his Sermon, told them, *That should not be his constant way of Preaching, and that he would not fill their heads with unnecessary Notions; but that for their sake, his language and his expressions should be more plain and practical in his future Sermons.* And he then made it his humble request, *That they would be constant in the Afternoons Service, and Catechising*; and shewed them convincing reasons why he desir'd it; and his obliging example and perswasions brought them to a willing conformity to his desires.

The Texts for all his future Sermons (which God knows were not many) were constantly taken out of the Gospel for the day; and he did as constantly declare why the Church did appoint that portion of Scripture to be that day read: And in what manner the *Collect* for every Sunday does refer to the *Gospel*, or to the *Epistle* then read to them; and that they might pray with understanding, he did usually take occasion to explain, not only the *Collect* for every particular Sunday, but the reasons of all the other *Collects* and *Responses* in our Church-Service; and made it appear to them, that *the whole Service of the Church*, was a reasonable, and therefore an acceptable Sacrifice to God; as namely, that we begin with *Confession of our selves to be vile, miserable sinners*: and that we begin so, because till we have confess'd our selves to be such, we are not

capable

capable of that mercy which we acknowledg we need and pray for; but having in the prayer of our Lord, beg'd pardon for those sins which we have confest: And hoping, that as the Priest hath declar'd our Absolution, so by our publick confession, and real Repentance, we have obtain'd that pardon: Then we dare proceed to beg of the Lord, *to open our lips, that our mouths may shew forth his praise*; for till then, we are neither able, nor worthy to praise him: But this being suppos'd, we are then fit to say, *Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost*; and fit to proceed to a further service of our God, in the *Collects*, and *Psalms*, and *Lauds* that follow in the Service.

And as to these *Psalms* and *Lauds*, he proceeded to inform them, why they were so often, and some of them daily repeated in our *Church-service*: namely, the *Psalms* every Month, because they be an *Historical* and thankful repetition of mercies past; and such a composition of prayers and praises, as ought to be repeated often, and publickly; for *with such Sacrifices God is honour'd, and well-pleased*. This for the *Psalms*.

And for the *Hymns* and *Lauds*, appointed to be daily repeated or sung after the first and Second Lessons are read to the Congregation: he proceeded to inform them, that it was most reasonable, after they have heard the will and goodness of God declar'd or Preach't by the Priest in his reading the two Chapters, that it was then a seasonable duty to rise up and express their gratitude to Almighty God for those his mercies to them, and to all Mankind, and then to say with the *blessed Virgin*, That their *Souls do magnifie the Lord, and that their spirits do also rejoyce in God their Saviour*: And that it was their duty also to rejoyce with *Simeon* in his Song, and say with him, *That their eyes have also seen their Salvation*; for they have seen that salvation which was but propheſied till his time: and he then broke into those expressions of joy that he did see it: but

they live to see it daily, in the History of it, and therefore ought daily to rejoyce, and daily to offer up their Sacrifices of praise to their God, for that particular mercy. A service, which is now the constant employment of that *blessed Virgin*, and *Simeon*, and all those blessed Saints that are possest of heaven: and where they are at this time interchangeably, and constantly singing, *Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God, Glory be to God on High, and on Earth peace.* And he taught them, that to do this was an acceptable service to God, because the Prophet *David* says in his Psalms, *He that praiseth the Lord, honoureth him.*

He made them to understand, how happy they be that are freed from the incumberances of that Law which our Fore-Fathers groan'd under: namely, from the *Legal Sacrifices*; and from the many *Ceremonies of the Levitical Law*: freed from *Circumcision*, and from the strict observation of the *Jewish Sabbath*, and the like. And he made them know, that having receiv'd so many and so great blessings, by being born since the daies of our Saviour, it must be an acceptable Sacrifice to Almighty God, for them to acknowledge those blessings, and stand up and worship, and say as *Zacharias* did, *Blessed be the Lord God of* Israel, *for he hath* (in our days) *visited and redeemed his people, and* (he hath in our days) *remembred, and shewed that mercy which by the mouth of the Prophets, he promised to our Fore-fathers*, and this he hath done, *according to his Holy Covenant made with them*: And we live to see and enjoy the benefit of it, in his *Birth*, in his *Life*, his *Passion*, *Resurrection* and *Ascension* into Heaven, where he now sits sensible of all our temptations and infirmities: and where he is at this present time making intercession for us, to his and our Father; and therefore they ought daily to express their publick gratulations, and say daily with *Zacharias*, *Blessed be that Lord God of* Israel *that hath thus visited, and thus redeemed his People.* — These were some of the reasons

by

by which Mr. *Herbert* instructed his Congregation for the use of the *Psalms*, and the *Hymns* appointed to be daily sung or said in the Church service.

He inform'd them, when the *Priest* did pray only for the Congregation, and not for himself; and when they did only pray for him, as namely after the reperition of the *Creed*, before he proceeds to pray the Lords prayer, or any of the appointed Collects, the Priest is directed to kneel down, and pray for them, saying — *The Lord be with you* — And then they pray for him saying — *And with thy Spirit.* And he assur'd them that when there is such mutual love, and such joynt prayers offer'd for each other, then the holy Angels look down from Heaven, and are ready to carry such charitable desires to God Almighty; and he as ready to receive them; and that a Christian Congregation calling thus upon God, with one heart, and one voyce, and in one reverend and humble posture, look as beautifully as *Jerusalem*, that is at peace with it self.

He instructed them, why the prayer of our Lord was pray'd often in every full service of the Church: namely, at the conclusion of the several parts of that Service; and pray'd then, not only because it was compos'd, and commanded by our Jesus that made it, but as a perfect patern for our less perfect forms of prayer, and therefore fittest to sum up and conclude all our imperfect Petitions.

He instructed them, that as by the second Commandement we are requir'd not to bow down, or Worship an *Idol*, or *false God*; so by the contrary Rule, we are to bow down and kneel, or stand up and worship the true God. And he instructed them, why the Church requir'd the Congregation to stand up, at the repetition of the Creeds; namely, because they did thereby declare both their obedience to the Church, and an assent to that Faith into which they had been baptiz'd. And he taught them, that in that shorter Creed, or

Doxology

Doxology so often repeated daily; they also stood up to testifie their belief to be, that *the God that they trusted in was one God, and three persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; to whom the Priest gave glory:* And because there had been Hereticks that denyed some of these three persons to be God, therefore the Congregation stood up and honour'd him, by confessing and saying, *It was so in the beginning, is now so, and shall ever be so World without end.* And all gave their assent to this belief, by standing up and saying, *Amen.*

He instructed them, what benefit they had, by the Churches appointing the Celebration of Holydaies, and the excellent use of them; namely, that they were set apart for particular Commemorations of particular mercies received from Almighty God; and (as Reverend Mr. *Hooker* saies) to be the *Land-marks* to distinguish times: for by them we are taught to take notice how the years pass by us; and that we ought not to let the years pass without a celebration of praise for those mercies which those daies give us occasion to remember; and therefore the year is appointed to begin the 25*th* day of *March*; a day in which we commemorate the *Angels* appearing to the *Blessed Virgin*, with the joyful tydings that *she should conceive and bear a Son, that should be the Redeemer of Mankind*; and she did so forty weeks after this joyful salvation, namely, at our *Christmas:* a day in which we commemorate his Birth, with joy and praise; and that eight daies after this happy Birth, we celebrate his *Circumcision*; namely, in that which we call *New-years day.* And that upon that day which we call *Twelfth-day*, we commemorate the manifestation of the unsearchable riches of Jesus to the *Gentiles:* And that that day we also celebrate the memory of his goodness in sending a *Star* to guide the *three wise men* from the *East* to *Bethlem*, that they might there *worship*, and present him with their oblations of *Gold*, *Frankincense*, and *Myrrhe.* And he (Mr. *Herbert*) instructed them,

that

that *Jesus* was forty dayes after his Birth, presented by his blessed Mother in the *Temple*; namely on that day which we call, *the Purification of the blessed Virgin, Saint* Mary. And he instructed them; that by the *Lent-fast*, we imitate and commemorate our Saviours humiliation in fasting Forty daies; and that we ought to endeavour to be like him in purity. And that on *Good-friday* we commemorate and condole his *crucifixion*. And at *Easter*, commemorate his *glorious Resurrection*. And he taught them, that after Jesus had manifested himself; to his Disciples, to be *that Christ that was crucified, dead and buryed*; that then by his appearing and conversing with his Disciples for the space of Forty days after his *Resurrection*, he then and not till then, *ascended into Heaven*, in the sight of his Disciples; namely; on that day which we call the *Ascension*, or *Holy Thursday*. And that we then celebrate the performance of the promise which he made to his Disciples, at or before his Ascension: namely, *that though he left them, yet he would send them the Holy Ghost to be their Comforter*; and that he did so on that day which the Church calls *Whit Sunday*.— Thus the Church keeps an Historical and circular Commemoration of times, as they pass by us; of such times as ought to incline us to occasional praises, for the particular blessings which we do or might receive by those holy commemorations.

He made them know, why the Church hath appointed *Ember-weeks*; and to know the reason why the *Commandments*, and the *Epistles* and *Gospels* were to be read at the *Altar*, or *Communion-Table*: why the Priest was to pray the *Litany* kneeling; and why to pray some *Collects* standing; and he gave them many other observations, fit for his plain Congregation, but not fit for me now to mention; for I must set limits to my Pen, and not make that a Treatise, which I intended to be a much shorter account then I have made it;

is — but I have done, when I have told the Reader that he was constant in Catechising every Sunday in the Afternoon, and that his Catechising was after his second lesson, and in the Pulpit, and that he never exceeded his half Hour, and was alwaies so happy as to have an obedient, and a ful congregation.

And to this I must add, That if he were at any time too zealous in his Sermons, it was in reproving the indecencies of the peoples behaviour, in the time of divine Service; and of those Ministers that hudled up the Church-prayers, without a visible reverence and affection; namely, *such as seem'd to say the Lords prayer, or a Collect in a breath*; but for himself, his custom was to stop betwixt every Collect, and give the people time to consider what they had pray'd, and to force their desires affectionately to God, before he engag'd them into new Petitions.

And by this account of his diligence, to make his Parishioners understand what, and why they pray'd, and prais'd and ador'd their Creator: I hope I shall the more easily obtain the Readers belief to the following account of Mr. *Herberts* own practice; which was to appear constantly with his Wife, and three Neeces (the daughters of a deceased Sister) and his whole Family twice every day at the Church-prayers, in the Chappel which does almost joyn to his Parsonage-house: And for the time of his appearing, it was strictly at the Canonical hours of 10. and 4. and then and there; he lifted up pure and charitable hands to God in the midst of the Congregation. And he would joy to have spent that time in that place, where the honour of his *Master Jesus* dwelleth; and there, by that inward devotion which he testified constantly by an humble behaviour, and visible Adoration, he like *David* brought not only *his own Houshold thus to serve the Lord*; but brought most of his Parishioners, and many Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, constantly to make a part of his Congregation

gregation twice a day; and some of the meaner sort of his Parish, did so love and reverence Mr *Herbert*, that they would let their Plow rest when Mr. *Herberts Saints Bell* rung to prayers, that they might also offer to God with him: and would then return back to their Plow. And his most holy life was such, that it begot such reverence to God, and to him, that they thought themselves the happier, when they carryed Mr. *Herberts* blessing back with them to their labour. — Thus powerfull was his reason, and example, to perswade others to a practical piety, and devotion.

And his constant publick Prayers did never make him to neglect his own private devotions, nor those prayers that he thought himself bound to perform with his Family, which alwaies were a Set-form, and not long; and he did alwaies conclude them with that Collect which the Church hath appointed for the day or week. ——— *Thus he made every days sanctity a step towards that Kingdom where Impurity cannot enter.*

His chiefest recreation was Musick, in which heavenly Art he was a most excellent Master, and did himself compose many *divine Hymns* and *Anthems*, which he set and sung to his *Lute* or *Viol*; and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to Musick was such, that he went usually twice every week on certain appointed daies, to the *Cathedral Church* in *Salisbury*; and at his return would say, *That his time Spent in Prayer, and Cathedral Musick, elevated his Soul, and was his Heaven upon Earth*. But before his return thence to *Bemerton* he would usually sing and play his part, at an appointed private Musick-meeting; and to justifie this practice, he would often say, *Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it.*

And

And as his desire to enjoy *his Heaven upon Earth*, drew him twice every week to *Salisbury*, so his walks thither, were the occasion of many happy accidents to others: of which, I will mention some few.

In one of his walks to *Salisbury*, he overtook a Gentleman that is still living in that City, and in their walk together, Mr. *Herbert* took a fair occasion to talk with him, and humbly beg'd to be excus'd, if he as'kd him some account of his faith, and said, *I do this the rather, because though you are not of my Parish, yet I receive Tythe from you by the hand of your Tenant; and Sir, I am the holder to do it, because I know there be some Sermon-hearers, that be like those Fishes, that always live in salt water, and yet are always fresh.*

After which expression, Mr. *Herbert* asked him some needful Questions, and having receiv'd his answer, gave him such Rules for the tryal of his sincerity, and for a practical piety, and in so loving and meek a manner, that the Gentleman did so fall in love with him and his discourse, that he would often contrive to meet him in his walk to *Salisbury*, or to attend him back to *Bemerton*; and still mentions the name of Mr. *George Herbert* with veneration, and still praiseth God for the occasion of knowing him.

In another of his *Salisbury* walks, he met with a Neighbour Minister, and after some friendly discourse betwixt them, and some Condolement for the wickedness of the Times, and Contempt of the Clergy, Mr. *Herbert* took occasion to say,

One Cure for these Distempers would be for the Clergy themselves to keep the Ember-weeks *strictly, and beg of their Parishioners to joyn with them in* Fasting *and* Prayers, *for a more Religious Clergy.*

And another cure would be, *for themselves to restore the great and neglected duty of* Catechising, *on which the salvation of so many of the poor and ignorant Lay-people does depend; but principally, that the Clergy themselves would be*

be sure to live unblamably; and that the dignified Clergy especially, which preach Temperance, would avoid Surfeiting, and take all occasions to express a visible humility and charity in their lives; for this would force a love and an imitation, and an unfeigned reverence from all that knew them: (And for proof of this, we need no other Testimony, than the life and death of Dr. *Lake*, late Lord Bishop of *Bath* and *Wells:*) *This* (said Mr. *Herbert*) *would be a Cure for the Wickedness and growing Atheism of our Age. And*, my dear Brother, *till this be done by us and done in earnest, let no man expect a Reformation of the manners of the* Laity: *for 'tis not learning, but this, this only, that must do it; and till then, the fault must lye at our doors.*

In another walk to *Salisbury*, he saw a poor man, with a poorer Horse, that was fall'n under his Load; they were both in distress, and needed present help; which Mr. *Herbert* perceiving, put off his Canonical Coat, and help'd the poor man to unload, and after to load his Horse: The poor man blest him for it; and he blest the poor man; and was so like the *good Samaritan*, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse; and told him, *That if he lov'd himself, he should be merciful to his Beast.* — Thus he left the poor man, and at his coming to his musical friends at *Salisbury*, they began to wonder that Mr. *George Herbert* which us'd to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soyl'd and discompos'd; but he told them the occasion: And when one of the company had told him *He had disparag'd himself by so dirty an employment*; his answer was, *That the thought of what he had done, would prove Musick to him at Midnight; and that the omission of it, would have upbraided and made discord in his Conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure I am bound so far as it is in my power to practice what I pray for: And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day,*

yet

yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life, without comforting a sad soul, or shewing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion: And now lets tune our Instruments

Thus as our blessed Saviour after his Resurrection, did take occasion to interpret the Scripture to *Cleopas*, and that other Disciple which he met with and accompanied in their journey to *Emmaus*: so Mr. *Herbert*, in his path towards Heaven, did daily take any fair occasion to instruct the Ignorant, or comfort any that were in affliction: and did alwaies confirm his precepts, by shewing humility and mercy, and ministring grace to the hearers.

And he was now happy in his Wifes unforc'd complyance with his Acts of Charity, whom he made his *Almoner*, and paid constantly into her hand *a tenth peny* of what money he receiv'd for Tythe, and gave her power to dispose that to the poor of his Parish, and with it a power to dispose a tenth part of the Corn that came yearly into his Barn; which trust she did most faithfully perform, and would often offer to him *an account of her stewardship*, and as often beg an inlargement of his bounty, for she rejoyc'd in the employment; and this was usually laid out by her in *Blankits* and *Shoots*, for some such poor people, as she knew to stand in most need of them. This as to her Charity. ——— And for his own, he set no limits to it, nor did ever turn his face from any that he saw in want, but would relieve them; especially his poor Neighbours; to the meanest of whose houses, he would go and inform himself of their wants, and relieve them chearfully if they were in distress; and would alwaies praise God, as much for being willing, as for being able to do it. — And when he was advis'd by a friend to be more frugal, because he might have Children, his answer was, *He would not see the danger of want so far off; but being the Scriptures do so command*

command Charity, as to tell us, that Charity *is the top of Christian vertues, the covering of sins, the fulfilling of the* Law, *the life of Faith: And that* Charity *hath a promise of the blessing of this life, and of a reward in that life which is to come; being these, and more excellent things are in Scripture spoken of thee, O* Charity; *and that being all my Tythes, and Church dues are a* Deodate *from thee O my God! make me O my God, so far to trust thy promise, as to return them back to thee; and by thy grace, I will do so, in distributing them to any of thy poor members that are in distress, or do but bear the image of* Jesus my Master. *Sir* (said he to his friend) *my wife hath a competent maintenance secur'd her after my death, and therefore as this is my prayer, so this my resolution shall by Gods grace be unalterable.*

This may be some account of the excellencies of the active part of his life: and thus he continued, till a Consumption so weakned him, as to confine him to his House, or to the Chappel, which does almost joyn to it, in which he continued to read Prayers constantly twice every day, though he were very weak; in one of which times of his reading, his Wife observ'd him to read in pain, and told him so, and that it wasted his spirits, and weakned him: and he confess'd it but said: *His life could not be better spent, than in the service of his* Master Jesus, *who had dyed and suffered so much for him: But,* said he, *I will not be wilful, for though my spirit be willing yet my flesh is weak; and therefore Mr.* Bostock *shall be appointed to read prayers for me to morrow, and I will now be only a hearer of them, till this mortal shall put on immortality.* And Mr. *Bostock* did the next day undertake & continue this happy employment, till Mr. *H.* death.—This Mr. *Bostock* was a learned and vertuous man, an old friend of Mr. *H.* and then his Curate to the Church of *Fulston*, which is a mile from *Bemerton*, to which Church, *Bemerton* is but a *Chappel of ease.*—And this Mr. *Bostock* did also constantly supply the

the *Church-Service* for Mr. *Herbert* in that Chappel, when the Musick meeting at *Salisbury* caus'd his absence from it.

About one month before his death, his friend Mr. *Farrer* (for an account of whom I am by promise indebted to the Reader, and intend to make him sudden payment) hearing of Mr. *Herberts sickness*, sent Mr. *Edmund Duncon* (who is now Rector of *Fryer Barnet* in the County of *Middlesex*) from his House of *Gidden-Hall*, which is near to *Huntington*, to see Mr. *Herbert*, and to assure him he wanted not his daily prayers for his recovery; and Mr. *Duncon* was to return back to *Gidden*, with an account of Mr. *Herberts* condition. Mr. *Duncon* found him weak, and at that time lying on his Bed, or on a Pallet; but at his seeing Mr. *Duncon*, he rais'd himself vigorously, saluted him, and with some earnestness *inquir'd the health of his brother* Farrer, of which Mr. *Duncon* satisfied him; and after some discourse of Mr. *Farrers* holy life, and the manner of his constant serving God, he said to Mr. *Duncon* — *Sir, I see by your habit that you are a Priest, and I desire you to pray with me*; which being granted, Mr. *Duncon* ask'd him, *what Prayers?* to which, Mr. *Herberts* answer was, *O Sir, the Prayers of my Mother, the Church of* England, *no other Prayers are equal to them; but at this time, I beg of you to pray only the Litany, for I am weak and faint*; and Mr. *Duncon* did so. After which, and some other discourse of Mr. *Farrer*, Mrs. *Herbert* provided Mr. *Duncon* a plain Supper, and a clean Lodging, and he betook himself to rest. — *This* Mr. Duncon *tells me*; and tells me, that at his first view of of Mr. *Herbert*, he saw *majesty* and *humility* so reconcil'd in his looks and behaviour, as begot in him an awful reverence for his person; and says, his discourse was so pious, and his motion so gentile and meek, that after almost forty years, yet they remain still fresh in his memory.

The

The next morning Mr. *Duncon* left him, and betook himself to a Journey to *Bath*, but with a promise to return back to him within five daies, and he did so; but before I shall say any thing of what discourse then fell betwixt them two; I will pay my promis'd account of Mr. *Farrer*.

Mr. *Nicholas Farrer* (who got the reputation of being call'd Saint *Nicholas*, at the age of six years) was born in *London*: and doubtless had good education in his youth; but certainly was at an early age made Fellow of *Clare-hall* in *Cambridge*, where he continued to be eminent for his *piety*, *temperance*, and *learning*.— About the 26th year of his Age, he betook himself to Travel: in which he added to his *Latin and Greek*, a perfect knowledg of all the Languages spoken in the Western parts of our Christian world, and understood well the principles of their Religion, and of their manner, and the reasons of their Worship.— In this his Travel, he met with many perswasions to come into a Communion with that Church which calls it self *Catholick*: but he return'd from his Travels as he went, eminent for his obedience to his Mother, *the Church of England*. In his absence from *England*, Mr. *Farrers* Father, (who was a merchant) allow'd him a liberal maintenance; and not long after his return into *England*, Mr. *Farrer* had by the death of his Father, or an elder Brother, an Estate left him, that enabled him to purchase Land to the value of four or five hundred pound a year; the greatest part of which Land was at *Little Giddin*, four or six miles from *Huntington*, and about 18 from *Cambridge*: which place he chose for the privacy of it, and for the Hall, which had the Parish Church, or Chapel belonging, and adjoyneth near to it; for Mr. *Farrer* having seen the manners and vanities of the World, and found them to be, as Mr. *Herbert* sayes, *A nothing betwixt two Dishes*, did so contemn it, that he resolv'd to spend the remainder of his

his life in mortifications, and in devotion, and charity, and to be always prepar'd for Death. — And his life was spent thus.

He and his Family, which were like a little Colledge, and about Thirty in number, did most of them keep *Lent*, and all *Ember-weeks* strictly, both in fasting and using all those prayers that the Church hath appointed to be then used: and he and they, did the like on *Fridays*, and on the *Vigils*, or *Eves* appointed to be fasted before the Saints-dayes; and this frugality and abstinence, turn'd to the relief of the Poor; but this was but a part of his charity, none but God and he knew the rest.

The Family, which I have said to be in number about Thirty, were a part of them his Kindred, and the rest chosen to be of a temper fit to be moulded into a devout life; and all of them were for their dispositions *serviceable* and *quiet*, and *humble*, and *free from scandal*. Having thus fitted himself for his Family, he did about the year 1630. betake himself to a constant and methodical service of God, and it was in this manner. — He being accompanied with most of his Family, he did himself use to read the Common-prayers (for he was a Deacon) every day, at the appointed hours of ten and four, in the Parish Church which was very near his House, and which he had both repair'd and adorn'd; for it was fall'n into a great ruine, by reason of a depopulation of the Village before Mr. *Farrer* bought the Manor: And he did also constantly read the *Mattins* every morning at the hour of six, either in the Church or in an Oratory, which was within his own House: and many of the Family did there continue with him after the Prayers were ended, and there they spent some hours in singing of *Hymns*, or *Anthems*, sometimes in the Church, and sometimes to an Organ in the Oratory. And there they sometimes betook themselves to meditate, or to pray privately, or

to

to read a part of the New Testament to themselves, or to continue their praying or reading the Psalms: and in case the Psalms were not all always read in the day, then Mr. *Farrer*, and others of the Congregation, did at Night, at the ring of a Watch-bell, repair to the Church or Oratory, and there betake themselves to prayers, and lauding God, and reading the Psalms that had not been read in the day: and when these, or any part of the Congregation grew weary, or faint, the Watch-bell was Rung, sometimes before, and sometimes after Midnight: and then another part of the Family rose, and maintain'd the watch, sometimes by praying, or singing Lauds to God, or reading the Psalms: and when after some hours they also grew weary or faint, then they rung the Watch-bell, and were also reliev'd by some of the former, or by a new part of the Society, which continued their devotions (as hath been mentioned) untill morning. — And it is to be noted, that in this continued serving of God, the Psalter or whole Book of Psalms was in every four and twenty hours, sung or read over, from the first to the last verse: and this done as constantly, as the Sun runs his circle every day about the World, and then begins again the same instant that it ended.

Thus did Mr. *Farrer*, and his happy Family, serve God day and night: This did they always behave themselves, as in his presence. And they did always eat and drink by the strictest rules of temperance; eat and drink, so as to be ready to rise at midnight, or at the call of a watch-bell, and perform their devotions to God. — And 'tis fit to tell the Reader, that many of the Clergy that were more inclin'd to *practical piety*, and *devotion*, than to doubtful and needless Disputations, did often come to *Giddin Hall*, and make themselves a part of that happy Society, and stay a week or more, and then joyn with Mr. *Farrer* and the Family in these Devotions, and assist and ease him or them in their

Watch by Night, and these various devotions had ne-ver less than two of the domestick Family in the night; and the watch was alwales kept in the Church or Oratory, unless in extream cold winter-nights, and then it was maintain'd in a Parlor which had a fire in it: and the Parlor was fitted for that purpose; and this course of Piety, and great liberality to his poor Neighbours, Mr. *Farrer* maintain'd till his death, which was in the year 1639.

Mr. *Farrer*, and Mr. *Herberts* devout lives were both so noted, that the general report of their sanctity gave them occasion to renew that slight acquaintance which was begun at their being Contemporaries in *Cambridge*, and this new holy friendship was long maintain'd without any interview, but only by loving and endearing Letters. And one testimony of their friendship, and pious designs, may appear by Mr. *Farrer* commending the considerations of *John Valdesso* (a Book which he had met with in his Travels, and Translated out of *Spanish* into *English*) to be examin'd and censur'd by Mr. *Herbert* before it was made publick; which excellent Book, Mr. *Herbert* did read, and return back with many marginal Notes, as they be now printed with it; and with them Mr. *Herberts* affectionate Letter to Mr. *Farrer*.

This *John Valdesso* was a *Spaniard*, and was for his Learning and Vertue, much valued and lov'd by the great Emperour *Charles the fifth*, whom *Valdesso* had followed as a *Cavalier* all the time of his long and dangerous *wars*; and when *Valdesso* grew old, and grew weary both of VVar and the VVorld, he took his fair opportunity to declare to the Emperour, that his resolution was to decline his Majesties Service, and betake himself to a quiet and contemplative life, *because there ought to be a vacancy of time, betwixt fighting and dying.* The Emperour had himself, for the same, or other reason, gon on the same resolution: but God and himself

self did, till then, only know them: and he did for those, or other reasons, desire *Valdesso* to consider well of what he had said, and to keep his purpose within his own breast, till they two might have another like opportunity of a friendly discourse: which *Valdesso* promis'd to do.

In the mean time, the Emperor appoints privately a day for him and *Valdesso* to meet again, and after a pious and free discourse they both agreed on a certain day to receive the blessed Sacrament publickly, and appointed an eloquent and devout Fryar, to Preach a Sermon of *contempt of the world*, and of the happiness and benefit of a quiet and contemplative life; which the Fryar did most affectionately.— After which Sermon the Emperor took occasion to declare openly, *That the Preacher had begot in him a resolution to lay down his Dignities, and to forsake the world, and betake himself to a Monastical life.* And he pretended, he had perswaded *John Valdesso* to do the like; but this is most certain, that after the Emperer had called his Son *Philip* out of *England*, and resign'd to him all his Kingdoms, that then the Emperour, and *John Valdesso*, did perform their resolutions.

This account of *John Valdesso*, I receiv'd from a Friend, that had it from the mouth of Mr. *Farrer*: And the Reader may note, that in this retirement, *John Valdesso* writ his 110 considerations, and many other Treatises of worth, which want a second Mr. *Farrer* to procure, and translate them.

After this account of Mr. *Farrer*, and *John Valdesso*, I proceed to my account of Mr. *Herbert*, and Mr. *Duncon*, who according to his promise, return'd from the Bath the fifth day, and then found Mr. *Herbert* much weaker than he left him: and therefore their Discourse could not be long; but at Mr. *Duncons* parting with him, Mr. *Herbert* spoke to this purpose — *Sir, I pray give my brother* Farrer *an account of the decaying condition of my*

body, and tell him, I beg him to continue his daily prayers for me: and let him know, that I have consider'd, That God only is what he would be; *and that I am by his grace become now so like him, as to be pleas'd with what pleaseth him, and tell him, that I do not repine but am pleas'd with my want of health; and tell him, my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is only to be found; and that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with* hope *and* patience. Having said this, he did with so sweet a humility as seem'd to exalt him, bow down to Mr. *Duncon*, and with a thoughtful and contented look say to him, — *Sir, I pray deliver this little Book to my dear brother* Farrer, *and tell him, he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual Conflicts that have past betwixt God and my Soul, before I could subject mine to the will of* Jesus my Master: *in whose service I have now found perfect freedom; desire him to read it: and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor Soul, let it be made publick: if not, let him burn it:* for I and it are less than the least of Gods mercies. Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent Book, which now bears the name of *The* TEMPLE: Or, *Sacred Poems*, and *Private ejaculations*; of which Mr. *Farrer* would say, *There was in it the Picture of a divine Soul in every page; and that the whole Book was such an harmony of holy passions, as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety.* And it appears to have done so for there have been more then twenty Thousand of them sold since the first impression.

And this ought to be noted, that when Mr. *Farrer* sent this Book to *Cambridge* to be Licensed for the Press, the *Vice-Chancellor* would by no means allow the two so much noted Verses,

Religion stands a Tip-toe in our Land,
Ready to pass to the American *Strand.*

to

to be printed; and Mr. *Farrer* would by no means allow the Book to be printed, and want them: But after some time, and some arguments, for and against their being made publick, the *Vice-Chancellor* said, *I knew Mr.* Herbert *well, and know that he had many heavenly Speculations, and was a Divine Poet; but I hope the world will not take him to be an inspired Prophet, and therefore I License the whole Book:* So that it came to be printed, without the diminution or addition of a syllable, since it was deliver'd into the hands of Mr. *Duncon*, save only, that Mr. *Farrer* hath added that excellent preface that is printed before it.

At the time of Mr. *Duncons* leaving Mr. *Herbert*, which was about three weeks before his death, his old and dear friend Mr. *Woodnot*, came from *London* to *Bemerton*, and never left him, till he had seen him draw his last breath, and clos'd his Eyes on his Death-bed. In this time of his decay, he was often visited and pray'd for by all the Clergy that liv'd near to him, especially by his friends the Bishop and Prebends of the Cathedral Church in *Salisbury*; but by none more devoutly, than his Wife, his three Neeces (then a part of his Family) and Mr. *Woodnot*, who were the sad witnesses of his daily decay; to whom he would often speak to this purpose.— *I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, in musick, and pleasant Conversation, are now all past by me, like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them; and I see that as my Father and Generation hath done before me, so I also shall now suddenly* (with Job) *make my bed also in the dark; and I praise God I am prepared for it; and I praise him, that I am not to learn patience, now I stand in such need of it; and that I have practised Mortification, and endeavour'd to dye daily, that I might not die eternally; and my hope is, that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears,*

tears, and be free from all fears and pain: and which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin, and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it; and this being past, I shall dwell in the new Jerusalem, dwell there with men made perfect, dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour Jesus; and with him see my dear Mother, and all my relations and friends. — But I must dye, or not come to that happy place: And this is my content, that I am going daily towards it, and that every day which I have liv'd hath taken a part of my appointed time from me; and that I shall live the less time, for having liv'd this, and the day past. — These and the like expressions, which he utter'd often, may be said to be his enjoyment of Heaven, before he enjoy'd it. — The Sunday before his death, he rose suddenly from his Bed or Couch, call'd for one of his Instruments, took it into his hand, and said — *My God, my God,*

My Musick shall find thee,
And every string
Shall have his attributes to sing:

And having tun'd it, he play'd and sung:

The Sundaies of mans life,
Threaded together on times string,
Make Bracelets, to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King;
On Sundaies, Heavens dore stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentifull than hope.

Thus he sung on earth such Hymns and Anthems, as the Angels and he and Mr. *Farrer* now sing in Heaven.

Thus he continued meditating, and praying, and rejoycing, till the day of his death; and on that day said to Mr. *Woodnot*; *My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery; but the first is pardon'd: and a few hours will now put a period*

to

to the latter; for I shall suddenly go hence and be no more seen. Upon which expression, Mr. *Woodnot* took occasion to remember him of the Re-edifying *Layton* Church, and his many acts of mercy; to which he made answer, saying, *they be good works, if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise.* After this Discourse he became more restless, and his soul seem'd to be weary of her earthly Tabernacle; and this uneasiness became so visible, that his wife, his three Neeces, and Mr. *Woodnot*, stood constantly about his Bed, beholding him with sorrow, and an unwillingness to loose the sight of him whom they could not hope to see much longer. — As they stood thus beholding him, his wife observ'd him to breath faintly, and with much trouble, and observ'd him to fall into a sudden Agony: which so surpriz'd her, that she fell into a sudden passion, and requir'd of him to know, *how he did?* to which his answer was, *That he had past a Conflict with his last Enemy, and had overcome him, by the merits of his Master Jesus.* After which answer, he look'd up and saw his wife and Neeces weeping to an extremity, and charg'd them, *If they lov'd him to withdraw into the next Room, and there pray every one alone for him; for nothing but their lamentations could make his death uncomfortable.* To which request their sighs and tears would not suffer them to make any reply: but they yielded him a sad obedience, leaving only with him Mr. *Woodnot*, and Mr *Bostock*. Immediately after they had left him, he said to Mr. *Bostock*, *Pray Sir open that door, then look into that Cabinet, in which you may easily find my last will, and give it into my hand*; which being done, he deliver'd it into the hand of Mr. *Woodnot*, and said, *My old Friend, I here deliver you my last Will, in which you will find that I have made you my sole Executor for the good of my wife and Neeces; and I desire you to shew kindness to them, as they shall need it; I do not desire you to be just: for I know you will be so for your own sake; but I charge you, by the Religion of our friend-*

ship,

ship, to be careful of them. And having obtain'd Mr. *Woodnots* promise to be so; he said *I am now ready to dye:* after which words he said, *Lord forsake me not now my strength faileth me: but grant me mercy, for the merits of my Jesus: and now Lord, Lord receive my Soul.* And with those words breath'd forth his Divine Soul, without any apparent disturbance: Mr. *Woodnot* and Mr. *Bostock*, attending his last breath, and closing his eyes.

Thus he liv'd and thus he dy'd like a Saint unspotted of the world, full of Alms-deeds, full of Humility, and all the examples of a vertuous life; which I cannot conclude better than with this borrowed observation:

——— All must to their cold graves;
But the religious actions of the just,
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust.

Mr. *George Herberts* have done so to this, and will doubtless do so to succeeding Generations. — I have but this to say more of him: That if *Andrew Melvin* dyed before him, then *George Herbert* dyed without an enemy. — I wish (if God shall be so pleased) that I may be so happy as to dye like him.

Isaack Walton.

FINIS.

THere is a Debt justly due to the memory of Mr Herberts vertuous Wife; a part of which I will endeavour to pay, by a very short account of the remainder of her life, which shall follow.

She continued his disconsolate widdow about six years, bemoaning her self, and complaining, That she had lost the delight of her eyes; but more, that she had lost the spiritual guide for her poor soul; and would often say, O that I had like holy *Mary*, the Mother of Jesus, treasur'd up all his sayings in my heart: but since I have not been able to do that, I will labour to live like him, that where he now is I may be also. And she would often say (as the Prophet David for his Son Absolon) O that I had dyed for him! Thus she continued mourning, till time and conversation had so moderated her sorrows, that she became the happy Wife of Sir Robert Cook of Highnam in the County of Glocester Knight: And though he put a high value on the excellent accomplishment of her mind and body; and was so like Mr. Herbert, as not to govern like a Master, but as an affectionate Husband; yet she would even to him often take occasion to mention the name of Mr. George Herbert, and say, That name must live in her memory, till she put off mortality. — By Sir Robert she had only one Child, a Daughter, whose parts and plentifull estate make her happy in this world, and her well using of them, gives a faire testimony, that she will be so in that which is to come.

Mrs. Herbert was the Wife of Sir Robert eight years and liv'd his widdow about fifteen; all which time she took

took a pleasure in mentioning and commending the excellencies of Mr. George Herbert. She dyed in the year 1663 and lies buried at Highnam; Mr. Herbert in his own Church, under the Altar, and cover'd with a grave stone without any inscription.

This Lady Cook, had preserv'd many of Mr. Herberts private writings, which she intended to make publick; but they, and Highnam house were burnt together, by the late Rebels, and so lost to posterity.

Isaack Walton.

FINIS.

THE CHURCH-PORCH.

¶ Perirrhanterium.

THou, whose sweet youth and early hopes inhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure;
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure.
A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn'd light into a Sacrifice.

Beware of lust, it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptism wash'd with his own blood.
It blots the lesson written in thy soul;
The Holy lines cannot be understood.
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
Much less towards God, whose lust is all their book?

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choice of paths: take no by-ways,
But gladly welcome what he doth afford;
Not grudging that thy lust hath bounds and stays.
Continence hath his joy: Weigh both, and so
If rottenness have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been th'encloser: But since now
God hath impal'd us, on the contrary
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plow.
O what a wall were man, might he himself misplace!
Sure to be cross, he would shift feet and face.

Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame,
When once it is within thee; but before
May'st rule it, as thou list: and pour the shame,
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.
It is most just to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken, may his Mother kill
Big with his Sister: He hath lost the reins,
Is outlaw'd by himself: All kind of ill
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth devest
All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

Shall I, to please another's wine-sprung mind,
Lose all mine own? God hath giv'n me a measure
Short of his Can and body: Must I find
A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleasure?
Stay at the third glass: if thou lose thy hold,
Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not Gallants, quit the room;
All in a shipwrack shift their several way:
Let not a common ruin thee intomb.
Be not a beast in courtesie: but stay,
Stay at the third cup, or forgo the place.
Wine above all things doth God's stamp deface.

Yet, if thou sin in wine or wantonness,
Boast not thereof, nor make thy shame thy glory.
Frailty gets pardon by submissiveness;
But he that boasts, shuts that out of his story:
He makes flat war with God, and doth defie
With his poor clod of earth the spatious sky.

Take not his Name, who made thy mouth, in vain
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
Luſt and wine, plead a pleaſure, avarice gain:
But the cheap ſwearer through his open ſluce
Lets his Soul run for nought, as little fearing:
Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate ſwearing.

When thou doſt tell another's jeſt, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need:
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the ſin.
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.
Play not away the Virtue of that Name,
Which is the beſt ſtake, when griefs make thee tame.

The cheapeſt ſins moſt dearly puniſh'd are;
Becauſe to ſhun them alſo is ſo cheap:
For we have wit to mark them, and to ſpare.
O crumble not away thy ſouls fair heap.
If thou wilt die, the gates of Hell are broad:
Pride and full ſins have made the way a road.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:
Cowards tell lies, and thoſe that fear the rod;
The ſtormy working ſoul ſpits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lye:
A fault, which needs it moſt, grows two thereby.

Fly idleneſs, which yet thou canſt not fly
By dreſſing, miſtreſſing, and complement.
If thoſe take up thy day, the Sun will cry
Againſt thee: For his light was only lent. (thers
God gave thy ſoul brave wings, put not thoſe fea-
Into a bed to ſleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magistrate? then be severe:
If studious, copy fair what time hath blurr'd;
Redeem truth from his jaws: If souldier,
Chase brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world. Fool not; for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life or grave.

O *England*, full of sin, but most of sloth!
Spit out thy flegme, and fill thy breast with glory:
Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a sheepishness into thy story:
Not that they all are so; but that the most
Are gone to grass, and in the pasture lost.

This loss springs chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their son
Some mark a partridge, never their childs fashion:
Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great design;
And if Gods Image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
A manly mind; so both are lost thereby:
Or else they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave: This is flat poverty.
For he that needs five thousand pound to live,
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy son rich, is to fill
His mind with rest before his trunk with riches:
For wealth without contentment climbs a hill,
To feel those tempests which fly over ditches.
But if thy son can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

When

When thou dost purpose ought (within thy power)
Be sure to do it, though it be but small:
Constancy knits the bones, and makes us tower,
When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself:
What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly:
Think the King sees thee still; for his King does.
Simpring is but a lay-hypocrisie:
Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
Who fears to do ill, sets himself to task:
Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

Look to thy mouth: Diseases enter there.
Thou hast two sconses, if thy stomach call;
Carve, or discourse; do not a famine fear.
Who carves, is kind to two; who talks, to all.
Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit;
And say with all, *Earth to earth I commit.*

Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,
Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so but men?
Houses are built by rule, and common wealths.
Entice the trusty sun, if that you can,
From his Ecliptick line; beckon the sky.
Who lives by rule then keeps good company.

Who keeps no guard upon himself, is slack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a shop of rules, a well-truss'd pack,
Whose every parcel under-writes a law.
Lose not thy self, nor give thy humours way;
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thy self: See what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: Therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live:
Then live, and use it: Else it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the year: But age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.
Thy Children, Kindred, Friends upon thee call;
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil;
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things else. Wealth is the conjurers devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou mayst safely touch; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skill's it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head;
Take stars for money; stars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.
None is so wastful as the scraping dame;
She loseth three for one; her soul, rest, fame.

By

By no means run in debt: Take thine own measure.
Who cannot live on twenty Pound a year,
Cannot on forty: He's a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing that's for it self too dear.
The curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,
And spares himself, but would his Taylor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,
Would have their tale believed for their oathes,
And are like empty vessels under sail.
Old courtiers know this: Therefore set out so,
As all the day thou maist hold out to go.

In clothes cheap handsomeness doth bear the bell.
Wisdom's a trimmer thing than shop e're gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well;
But this with my discretion will be brave.
Much curiousness is a perpetual wooing,
Nothing with labour, folly long adoing.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart:
Perhaps his Wifes too, and whom she hath bore:
Servants and Churches also play their part.
Only a herald, who that way doth pass,
Finds his crackt name at length in the Church-glass.

If yet thou love game at so dear a rate,
Learn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost:
Dost lose? rise up: Dost win? rise in that state.
Who strive to sit out losing hands are lost.
Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
Blowing up houses with their whole encrease.

In Converſation boldneſs now bears ſway.
But know that nothing can ſo fooliſh be,
As empty boldneſs: Therefore firſt aſſay
To ſtuff thy mind with ſolid bravery;
Then march on gallant: Get ſubſtantial worth,
Boldneſs gilds finely, and will ſet it forth.

Be ſweet to all. Is thy complexion ſow'r?
Then keep ſuch company; make them thy allay:
Get a ſharp Wife, a ſervant that will low'r.
A ſtumbler ſtumbles leaſt in rugged way.
Command thy ſelf in chief. He lifes war knows,
Whom all his paſſions follow as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not ſpeak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at every twitch will break:
By great deeds ſhew, that thou canſt little do;
And do them not: that ſhall thy wiſdom be;
And change thy temperance into bravery.

If that thy fame with every toy be pos'd,
'Tis a thin web, which poyſonous fancies make;
But the great ſouldiers honour was compos'd
Of thicker ſtuff, which would endure a ſhake.
Wiſdom picks friends; civility playes the reſt.
A toy ſhunn'd cleanly paſſeth with the beſt.

Laugh not too much: the witty man laughs leaſt:
For wit is news only to ignorance.
Leſs at thine own things laugh; leſt in the jeſt
Thy perſon ſhare, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy ſport abuſes: for the fly,
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick

Pick out of mirth, like ſtones out of thy ground,
Prophaneneſs, filthineſs, abuſiveneſs.
Theſe are the ſcum, with which courſe wits abound:
The fine may ſpare theſe well, yet not go leſs.
All things are big with jeſt: nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou haſt the vein.

Wits an unruly engine, wildly ſtriking
Sometimes a friend, ſometimes the engineer,
Haſt thou the knack? pamper it not with liking:
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

A ſad wiſe valour is the brave complexion,
That leads the van, and ſwallows up the Cities.
The gigler is a milk-maid, whom infection
Or a fir'd beacon frighteth from his ditties.
Then he's the ſport: the mirth then in him reſts,
And the ſad man is cock of all his jeſts.

Towards great perſons uſe reſpective boldneſs:
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine. In ſervice care, or coldneſs,
Doth rarably thy fortunes mar or make.
Feed no man in his ſins: for adulation
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envy not greatneſs: for thou mak'ſt thereby
Thy ſelf the worſe, and ſo the diſtance greater.
Be not thine own worm: Yet ſuch jealouſie,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good ſpur. Correct thy paſſions ſpite;
Then may the beaſts draw thee to happy light.

When baseness is exalted, do not bate
The place its honour for the persons sake.
The shrine is that which thou dost venerate;
And not the beast, that bears it on his back.
I care not though the cloth of State should be
Not of rich Arras, but mean Tapestry.

Thy friend put in thy bosom: Wear his eyes
Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.
If cause require, thou art his sacrifice;
Thy drops of blood must pay down all his fear:
But love is lost, the way of friendship's gone,
Though *David* had his *Jonathan*, *Christ* his *John*.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a Father:
Love is a personal debt. I cannot give
My Childrens right, nor ought he take it: Rather
Both friends should die, than hinder them to live.
Fathers first enter bonds to natures ends;
And are her sureties, e're they are a friend's.

If thou be single, all thy good and ground
Submit to love; but yet not more than all.
Give one estate, as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himself to thrall.
God made me one man; love makes me no more,
Till labour come and make my weakness score.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please,
All such is courteous, useful, new, or witty;
Usefulness comes by labour, wit by ease;
Courtesie grows in Court, news in the City.
Get a good stock of these, then draw the card
That suits him best, of whom thy speech is heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know best;
For so thou dost thy self and him a pleasure:
But a proud ignorance will lose his rest,
Rather than shew his cards: Steal from his treasures

What

What to ask further. Doubts well rais'd do lock
The ſpeaker to thee, and preſerve thy ſtock.

If thou be maſter-gunner, ſpend not all
That thou canſt ſpeak at once; but husband it:
And give men turns of ſpeech: Do not foreſtall
By laviſhneſs thine own and others wit,
As if thou mad'ſt thy will. A civil gueſt
Will no more talk all, than eat all the feaſt.

Be calm in arguing: For fierceneſs makes
Errour a fault, and truth diſcourteſie.
Why ſhould I feel another mans miſtakes
More than his ſickneſſes or poverty?
In love I ſhould; But anger is not love,
Nor wiſdom neither; therefore gently move.

Calmneſs is great advantage: He that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire:
Mark all his wandrings, and enjoy his frets;
As cunning fencers ſuffer heat to tire.
Truth dwels not in the clouds: The bow thats there
Doth often aim at, never hit the ſphere.

Mark what another ſays: For many are
Full of themſelves, and anſwer their own notion.
Take all into thee; then with equal care
Balance each dram of reaſon, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both:
Share in the conqueſt, and confeſs a troth.

Be uſeful where thou liveſt, that they may
Both want and wiſh thy pleaſing preſence ſtill.
Kindneſs, good parts, great places are the way
To compaſs this. Find out mens wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go leſs
To the one joy of doing kindneſſes.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy project high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in spirit: who aimeth at the sky,
Shoots higher much, than he that means a tree.
A grain of glory mixt with humbleness
Cures both a Fever, and Lethargickness.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how the business may be done.
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
Though he alights some times, still goeth on.
Active and stirring spirits live alone.
Write on the others, *Here lies such an one.*

Slight not the smallest loss, whether it be
In love or honour; take account of all:
Shine like the sun in every corner: see
Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall:
Who say, *I care not*, those I give for lost;
And to instruct them, 'twill not quit the cost.

Scorn no mans love, though of a mean degree;
Love is a present for a mighty King,
Much less make any one thine enemy,
As guns destroy, so may a little sling.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

All foreign wisdom doth amount to this,
To take all that is given; whether wealth,
Or love, or language, nothing comes amiss:
A good digestion turneth all to health:
And then, as far as fair behaviour may,
Strike off all scores; none are so clear as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All foreign of that name; but scorn their ill:
Embrace their activeness, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.

If thou observest strangers in each fit,
In time they'l run thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
Slovens take up their stock of noisomness
Beforehand, and anticipate their last hour:
Let thy minds sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Alms regard thy means, and others merit.
Think Heav'n a better bargain, than to give
Only thy single market-money for it.
Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is Gods image; but a poor man is
Christs stamp to boot: both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:
Write, *So much giv'n to God*; thou shalt be heard.
Let thy alms go before, and keep heav'n gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Restore to God his due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.
Sundays observe: think when the bells do chime,
'Tis Angels Musick; therefore come not late.
God then deals blessings: if a King did so,
Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show?

Twice on the day his dew is understood;
For all the week thy food so oft he gave thee.
Thy cheer is mended; bate not of the food,
Because 'tis better, and perhaps may save thee.
Thwart not th' Almighty God: O be not cross.
Fast when thou wilt, but then 'tis gain not loss.

Though

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet publick hath more promises, more love:
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suiters; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seaven;
Pray with the most: For where most pray, is heav'n.

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare.
God is more there than thou: For thou art there
Only by his permission. Then beware,
And make thy self all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne're spoil'd silk stocking: Quit thy state.
All equal are within the Churches gate.

Resort to Sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest,
Stay not for th' other pin: Why, thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extreamly flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart; that spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise:
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who markes in Church-time others symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busie thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasure thither.
Christ purg'd his Temple; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy action well
For Churches either are our Heaven or Hell.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy Judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.

The

The world speak something good: If all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
He that by seeing or Church escapes some sin,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves Gods abode, and to combine
With Saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

Jest not at preachers language or expression:
How know'st thou but thy sins made him mistake?
Then turn thy faults and his into confession:
God sent him whatsoe're he be: O pity,
And love him for his Master: His condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill physician.

None shall in Hell such bitter pangs endure,
As those who mock at Gods way of Salvation.
Whom Oyl and Balsams kill, what salve can cure?
They drink with greediness a full Damnation.
The Jews refused thunder; and we lightning,
Though God do hedge us in yet who is holy?

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy Soul: Mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch that too
Be down, or up, set both: One shall not lose
More time than shall, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come but go.
Defer not the least virtue: Life's poor span
Make not a mell, by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

Super-


Superliminare


THE ALTAR
A broken Altar Lord thy servant rears,
Made of a heart, and cemented with teares:
Whose parts are as thy hand did frame;
No workmans tool hath touch'd the same.
A HEART alone
Is such a Stone,
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praise thy name:
That if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to preach may not cease.
Blessed be the hand that gave the stone,
And blessed be the heart that hews it thus.
And both shall make thine Altar, where

¶ The Sacrifice.

O All ye, who pass by, whose eyes and mind
To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind;
To me, who took eyes that I might you find.
Was ever grief like mine?

The Princes of my people make a head
Against their Maker: They do wish me dead,
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread:
Was ever grief, &c.

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,
Had to this day been an *Egyptian* slave.
They use that power against me, which I gave:
Was ever grief, &c.

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did bear,
Though he had all I had, did not forbear
To sell me also, and to put me there.
Was ever grief, &c.

For thirty Pence he did my death devise,
Who at three Hundred did the Ointment prize,
Not half so sweet as my sweet Sacrifice.
Was ever grief, &c.

Therefore my Soul melts, and my heart's dear treasure
Drops Blood (the only beads) my words to measure:
O let this cup pass, if it be thy pleasure:
Was ever grief, &c.

These drops being temper'd with a sinners tears,
A Balsam are for both the Hemispheres,
Curing all wounds, but mine; all but my fears.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet

Yet my Disciples sleep: I cannot gain
One hour of watching; but their drowsie brain
Comforts not me, and doth my Doctrine stain:
Was ever grief like mine?

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they run!
Alas! what haste they make to be undone!
How with their lanthorns do they seek the Sun!
Was ever grief, &c.

With clubs and staves they seek me as a Thief,
Who am the way of truth, the true Relief,
Most true to those, who are my greatest grief.
Was ever grief, &c.

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kiss?
Canst thou find hell about my lips? and miss
Of life just at the gates of Life and bliss?
Was ever grief, &c.

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands
Of Faith, but Fury; yet at their commands
I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands:
Was ever grief, &c.

All my Disciples flee; fear puts a bar
Betwixt my Friends and me. They leave that Star,
That brought the Wise-men of the East from far.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then from one Ruler to another bound
They lead me; urging, that it was not sound
What I taught. Comments would the text confound.
Was ever grief, &c.

The

The Priests and Rulers all false witness seek
'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek
And ready Paschal Lamb of this great week.
Was ever grief like mine?

Then they accuse me of great blasphemy,
That I did thrust into the Deity,
Who never thought that any robbery.
Was ever grief, &c.

Some said, that I the Temple to the floor
In three days raz'd, and raised as before.
Why, he that built the world can do much more.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then they condemn me all with the same breath,
Which I do give them daily, unto death.
Thus *Adam* my first breathing rendereth.
Was ever grief, &c.

They bind, and lead me unto *Herod*: He
Sends me to *Pilate*. This makes them agree;
But yet their friendship is my enmitie.
Was ever grief, &c.

Herod and all his bands do set me light,
Who teach all hands to war, fingers to fight,
And only arm the Lord of Host and might.
Was ever grief, &c.

Herod in judgment sits, while I do stand;
Examines me with a censorious hand:
Him obey, who all things else command.
Was ever grief, &c.

The

The *Jews* accuſe me with deſpiteſulnes;
And vying malice with my gentleneſs,
Pick quarrels with their only happineſs.
Was ever griefe like mine?

I anſwer nothing, but with patience prove
If ſtony hearts will melt with gentle love.
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?
Was ever griefe, &c.

My ſilence rather doth augment their cry;
My dove doth back into my boſome fly,
Becauſe the raging waters ſtill are high.
Was ever griefe, &c.

Heark how they cry aloud ſtill, *Crucifie:*
It is not fit he live a day, they cry:
Who cannot live leſs than eternally.
Was ever griefe, &c.

Pilate a ſtranger, holdeth off; but they,
Mine own dear people, cry, *Away, Away*,
With noiſes confuſed frighting the day.
Was ever griefe, &c.

Yet ſtill they ſhout, and cry, and ſtop their ears,
Putting my life among their ſins and fears,
And therefore wiſh *my blood on them and theirs.*
Was ever griefe, &c.

See how ſpite cankers things! Theſe words aright
Uſed, and wiſhed, are the whole worlds delight:
But hony is their gall, brightneſs their night.
Was ever griefe, &c.

They

They chuse a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themselves a courtesie:
For it was their own cause that killed me;
was ever grief like mine?

And a seditious murderer he was:
But I, the Prince of Peace; peace that doth pass
All understanding, more than Heav'n doth glass:
Was ever grief, &c.

Why, *Cæsar* is their only King, not I:
He clave the stony Rock, when they were dry;
But surely not their Hearts, as I well try:
Was ever grief, &c

Ah, how they scourge me! yet my tenderness
Doubles each lash: And yet their bitterness
Winds up my grief to a mysteriousness:
Was ever grief, &c.

They buffet me, and box me as they list,
Who grasp the Earth and Heaven with my fist,
And never yet, whom I would punish, miss'd:
Was ever grief, &c.

Behold, they spit on me in scornful wise;
Who by my spittle gave the blind man eyes,
Leaving his blindness to mine enemies:
Was ever grief, &c.

My face they cover, though it be Divine.
As *Moses* face was veiled, so is mine,
Left on their double dark souls either shine.
Was ever grief, &c.

Servants

Servants and abjects flout me; they are witty:
Now prophesie who strikes thee, is their ditty.
So they in me deny themselves all pity:
Was ever grief like mine?

And now I am delivered unto death,
Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
That he before me well-nigh suffereth.
Was ever grief, &c.

Weep not, dear Friends, since I for both have wept,
When all my tears were Blood, the while you slept:
Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept.
Was ever grief, &c.

The Souldiers led me to the common hall;
There they deride me, they abuse me all:
Yet for twelve Heav'nly Legions I could call.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then with a scarlet Robe they me array;
Which shews my Blood to be the only way,
And cordial left to repair mans decay.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear;
For these are all the grapes *Sion* doth bear,
Though I my Vine planted and wat'red there.
Was ever grief, &c.

So fits the Earths great curse in *Adams* fall
Upon my Head; so I remove it all
From th' Earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then

Then with the reed they gave to me before,
They strike my Head, the rock from whence all store
Of heav'nly blessings issue evermore.
Was ever grief like mine?

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail King:*
Whatever scoffs or scornfulness can bring,
I am the floor, the sink, where they it fling.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet since mans scepters are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloody their weeds;
I, who am truth, turn into truth their deeds.
Was ever grief, &c.

The souldiers also spit upon that Face,
Which Angels did desire to have the grace,
And Prophets once to see, but found no place.
Was ever grief, &c.

Thus trimmed forth they bring me to the rout,
Who *Crucifie him* cry with one strong shout.
God holds his peace at man, and man cries out.
Was ever grief, &c.

They lead me in once more, and putting then
Mine own clothes on, they lead me out again:
Whom devils fly, thus is he tost'd of men.
Was ever grief, &c.

And now, weary of sport, glad to engross
All spite in one, counting my life their loss,
They carry me to my most bitter cross.
Was ever grief, &c.

My cross I bear my self, untill I faint:
Then *Simon* bears it for me by constraint,
The decreed burden of each mortal Saint.
Was ever grief like mine?

O all ye who pass by, behold and see:
Man stole the Fruit, but I must climb the Tree;
The Tree of life to all but only me.
Was ever grief, &c.

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sin,
The greater world o'th' two: For that came in
By words; but this by sorrow I must win.
Was ever grief, &c.

Such sorrow, as if sinful man did feel,
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel,
Till all were melted, though he were all Steel.
Was ever grief, &c.

But, *O my God, my God!* why leav'st thou me,
The Son, in whom thou dost delight to be?
My God, my God ——
Was ever grief, &c.

Shame tears my Soul, my Body many a wound;
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound;
Reproaches, which are free, while I am bound.
Was ever grief, &c.

Now heal thy self, Physician; now come down.
Alas! I did so, when I left my Crown
And Fathers smile for you, to feel his frown:
Was ever grief, &c.

In healing not my self, there doth consist
All that salvation, which ye now resist;
Your safety in my sickness doth subsist.
Was ever grief like mine?

Betwixt two thieves I spend my utmost breath,
As he that for some robbery suffereth.
Alas! what have I stoln from you? Death.
Was ever grief, &c.

A King my title is, perfixt on high;
Yet by my Subjects I'm condemn'd to dye
A servile death in servile company.
Was ever grief, &c.

They gave me vinegar mingled with gall,
But more with malice: Yet, when they did call,
With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all.
Was ever grief, &c.

They part my Garments, and by lot dispose
My Coat, the type of Love, which once cur'd those
Who sought for help, never malicious foes.
Was ever grief, &c.

Nay, after death their spite shall further go:
For they will pierce my Side, I full well know;
That as sin came, so Sacraments might flow.
Was ever grief, &c.

But now I dye; now all is finished.
My woe, mans weal: and now I bow my head.
Only let others say, when I am dead,
Never was grief like mine.

The

¶ The Thanksgiving.

OH King of grief! (a title strange, yet true,
To thee of all Kings only due)
Oh King of wounds! how shall I grieve for thee,
Who in all grief preventest me?
Shall I weep blood? why thou hast wept such store,
That all thy body was one gore.
Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold?
'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
My God, My God, why dost thou part from me?
Was such a grief as cannot be.
Shall I then sing, skipping thy doleful story,
And side with thy triumphant Glory?
Shall I thy strokes be my stroking? thorns my flower?
Thy rod, my posie? cross, my bower?
But how then shall I imitate thee, and
Copy thy fair, though bloody hand?
Surely I will revenge me on thy love,
And try who shall victorious prove.
If thou dost give me wealth, I will restore
All back unto thee by the poor.
If thou dost give me honour, men shall see
The honour doth belong to thee.
I will not Marry; or if she be mine,
She and her Children shall be thine.
My bosom-friend, If he blaspheme thy Name,
I will tear thence his love and fame.
One half of me being gone, the rest I give
Unto some Chappel, die or live.
As for my Passion — But of that anon,
When with the other I have done.
For thy Predestination, I'le contrive,
That three years hence, if I survive,

I'le build a Spittle, or mend common Wayes,
But mend my own without delayes.
Then I will use the works of thy creation,
As if I us'd them but for fashion.
The world and I will quarrel; and the year
Shall not perceive that I am here.
My Musick shall find thee, and ev'ry string
Shall have his attribute to sing,
That altogether may accord in thee,
And prove one God, one Harmony.
If thou shalt give me Wit, it shall appear,
If thou hast giv'n it me, 'tis here.
Nay, I will read thy Book, and never move
'Til I have found therein thy Love;
Thy art of Love, which I'le turn back on thee,
O my dear Saviour, Victory!
Then for my Passion —— I will do for that ——
Alas! my God, I know not what.

¶ The Reprisal.

I Have consider'd it, and find
There is no dealing with thy mighty Passion:
For though I die for thee, I am behind;
My sins deserve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
May give a disentangled state and free;
And yet thy Wounds still my attempts defie,
For by thy death I die for thee.

Ah! was it not enough that thou
By thy eternal Glory didst outgo me?
Could'st thou not grie's sad conquest me allow,
But in all victories overthrow me?

Yet

Yet by confession will I come
Into the conquest. Though I can do nought
Against thee, in thee I will overcome
The man, who once against thee fought.

¶ The Agony.

Philosophers have measur'd Mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of Seas, of States and Kings,
Walk'd with a staff to Heav'n, and traced Fountains:
But there are two vast, spatious things,
The which to measure it doth more behove:
Yet few there are that found them; Sin and Love.

Who would know sin, let him repair
Unto Mount Olivet; there shall he see
A Man, so wrung with pains, that all his Hair,
His skin, his Garments bloody be.
Sin is that Presse and Vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruel food through every Vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay,
And taste that Juice, which on the Cross a Pike
Did set abroach; then let him say,
If ever he did taste the like.
Love is that liquor sweet and most Divine,
Which my God feels as Blood; but I as Wine.

¶ The Sinner.

LOrd, how am I all ague, when I ſeek
What I have treaſur'd in my memory!
Since, if my ſoul make even with the week,
Each ſeventh note by right is due to thee.

I find three quarries of pil'd vanities,
But ſhreds of Holineſs, that dare not venture
To ſhew their face, ſince croſs to thy decrees:
There the circumference Earth is, Heav'n the centre.

In ſo much dregs the quinteſſence is ſmall:
The ſpirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundredth part.
Yet Lord reſtore thy Image, hear my call: (grone,
And though my hard heart ſcarce to thee can
Remember that thou once didſt write in ſtone

¶ Good-Friday.

O My chief good,
How ſhall I meaſure out thy Blood?
How ſhall I count what thee befel,
And each grief tell?

Shall I thy woes
Number according to thy foes?
Or, ſince one ſtar ſhew'd thy firſt breath,
Shall all thy death?

Or ſhall each leaf,
Which falls in Autumn, ſcore a grief?
Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be ſign
Of the true Vine?

Then

Then let each hour
Of my whole life one grief devour;
That thy distress through all may run,
And be my Sun.

Or rather let
My sev'ral sins their sorrows get;
That, as each beast his cure doth know,
Each sin may so.

SInce blood is fittest, Lord, to write
Thy sorrows in, and bloody flight;
My heart hath store; write there, where in
One box doth lie both ink and sin:

That when Sin spies so many foes,
Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,
All come to lodge there, Sin may say,
No room for me, and fly away.

Sin being gone, oh fill the place,
And keep possession with thy grace;
Lest sin take courage and return,
And all the writings blot or burn.

¶ Redemption.

HAving been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,
And make a suit unto him to afford
A new small-rented Lease, and cancel th' old.

In Heaven, at his Manour I him sought:
They told me there, that he was lately gone
About some land, which he had dearly bought
Long since on Earth, to take possession.

I straight return'd, and knowing his great Birth,
Sought him accordingly in great resorts;
In Cities, Theatres, Gardens, Parks and Courts:
At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth
Of Thieves, and Murderers: There I him espied,
Who straight, *Your suit is granted*, said, and died.

¶ Sepulchre.

O Blessed Body! Whither art thou thrown?
No lodging for thee, but a cold hard stone?
So many hearts on Earth, and yet not one
Receive thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts good store;
For they can lodge transgressions by the score:
Thousands of toys dwell there, yet out of door
They leave thee.

But that which shews them large shews them unfit.
What ever Sin did this pure Rock commit,
Which holds thee now? Who hath indited it
Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up stones to brain
And missing this, most faithly did arraign thee;
Only these stones in quiet entertain thee,
And order.

And as of old the Law by Heav'nly Art
Was writ in stone; so thou, which also art
The letter of the word, find'st no fit heart
To hold thee.

Yet do we still persist as we began,
And so should perish, but that nothing can,
Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
With-hold thee.

Easter.

Easter.

RIse heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his Praise
Without delaies,
Who takes thee by the Hand, that thou likewise
With him mayst rise:
That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee Gold, and much more just.

Awake, my Lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The Cross taught all wood to resound his Name,
Who bore the same.
His stretched Sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high Day.

Consort both Heart and Lute, and twist a Song
Pleasant and long:
Or, since all Musick is but three Parts vied,
And multiplied;
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

I Got me Flowers to straw thy way;
I got me boughs off many a Tree:
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th'East perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many Suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss:
There is but one, and that one ever.

¶ Easter-Wings.

Lord, who createdſt man in wealth & ſtore,
Though foolishly he loſt the ſame,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Moſt poor:

With thee
O let me riſe
As Larks, harmoniously,
And ſing this day thy Victories:
Then ſhall the fall further the flight in me.

¶ Easter.

¶ Easter-Wings.

My tender Age in sorrow did begin!
And still with sicknesses and shame,
Thou didst so punish sin,
That I became
Most thin.

With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victory:
For if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

H. Bap.

¶ H. Baptiſm.

As he that ſees a dark and ſhady grove,
Stays not, but looks beyond it on the ſky;
So when I view my ſins, mine eyes remove
More backward ſtill, and to that water fly,
Which is above the Heav'ns, whoſe ſpring and vent
Is in my dear Redeemers pierced ſide.
O bleſſed ſtreams! either ye do prevent
And ſtop our ſins from growing thick and wide,
Or elſe give tears to drown them, as they grow.
In you Redemption meaſures all my time,
And ſpreads the plaiſter equal to the crime:
You taught the Book of Life my name; that ſo,
Whatever future ſins ſhould me miſcal;
Your firſt acquaintance might diſcredit all.

¶ H. Baptiſm.

Sithee, Lord, to thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the paſſage, on my Infancy
Thou didſt lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.

O let me ſtill
Write thee great God, and me a child:
Let me be ſoft and ſupple to thy Will,
Small to my ſelf, to others mild,
Behither ill.

Although by ſtealth
My fleſh got on; yet let her ſiſter
My Soul bid nothing, but preſerve her wealth:
The growth of fleſh is but a bliſter;
Childhood is health. Nature

Nature.

Full of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travel, or deny
That thou hast ought to do with me.
O tame my heart;
It is thy highest art
To captivate strong holds to thee.

If thou shalt let this venom lurk,
And in suggestions fume and work,
My soul will turn to bubbles straight,
And thence by kinde
Vanish into a wind.
Making thy workmanship deceit.

O smooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave thy rev'rend Law and fear;
Or make a new one, since the old
Is spoiled (poore soule)
And a much fitter Stone
To hide my dust, than thee to hold.

¶ Sin.

Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us: then Schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws, they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,
Blessings

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of Glory ringing in our ears:
Without, our shame; within, our consciences:
Angels and Grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

¶ Affliction.

When first thou didst intice to thee my heart,
I thought the service brave:
So many joyes I writ down for my part,
Besides what I might have
Out of my stock of natural delights,
Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture so fine,
And made it fine to me;
Thy glorious houshold-stuff did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto thee.
Such stars I counted mine: Both Heav'n and Earth
Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,
Where joyes my fellows were?
Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reserved
No place for grief or fear;
Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
And made her youth and fierceness seek thy face.

At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesses;
I had my wish and way:
My dayes were straw'd with flowe'rs and happiness;
There was no month but May.
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for wo.

My

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
Sickness clave my bones,
Consuming agues dwell in ev'ry vein,
And tune my breath to grones:
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce believed,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life,
And more; for my friends die:
My mirth and edge was lost; a blunted knife
Was of more use than I.
Thus thin and lean without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with ev'ry storm and wind.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou did'st betray me to a lingring book,
And wrap me in a gown,
I was entangled in the world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatned oft the siege to raise,
Not simpring all mine age,
Thou often didst with Academick praise
Melt and dissolve my rage,
I took thy sweetned pil, till I came near;
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happy be
In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food, thou throwst me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my Books will show:
I read, and figh, and wish I were a tree,
For sure then I should grow
To fruit or shade; At least some bird would trust
Her houshold to me, and I should be just.
Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek;
In weakness must be stout.
Well, I will change the service, and go seek
Some other master out.
Ah my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

¶ Repentance.

LOrd, I confess my sin is great;
Great is my sin. Oh! gently treat
With thy quick flowry, thy momentany bloom;
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steady aiming at a Tomb.

Mans Age is two hours work, or three;
Each day doth round about us see.
Thus are we no delights: But we are all
To sorrows old.
All life be told
From what life seeseth, *Adams* fall.

O let thy height of mercy then
Compassionate short-breathed men,
Cut me not off for my most foul transgression;
I do confess
My sinfulness;
My God accept of my confession.

Sweeten

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
Which thou hast pour'd into my soul;
Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather:
For if thou slay,
I and this day,
As we did rise, we die together.

When thou for sin rebukest man,
Forthwith he waxeth wo and wan:
Bitterness fills our bowels; all our hearts
Pine and decay,
And drop away,
And carry with them the other parts.

But thou wilt sin and grief destroy;
That so the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-set song,
Full of his Praises,
Who dead men raises.
Fractures well cur'd make us more strong.

¶ Faith.

LOrd, how couldst thou so much appease
Thy wrath for sin, as when mans sight was dim
And could see little, to regard his ease,
And bring by faith all things to him?

Hungry I was, and had no Meat,
I did conceit a most delicious feast;
I had it straight, and did as truly Eat,
As ever did a welcom guest.

There is a rare outlandish root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here:
That apprehension cur'd so well my foot,
That I can walk to Heav'n well near.

I owed thousands and much more:
I did believe that I did nothing owe,
And liv'd accordingly; my creditor
Believes so too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me any thing, or all
That I believe is in the sacred story:
And when sin placeth me in Adams fall,
Faith sets me higher in his Glory.

If I go lower in the Book,
What can be lower than the common manger?
Faith puts me there with him, who sweetly took
Our flesh and frailty, death and danger.

If bliss had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise and strong had gained it:
Where now by faith all arms are of a length;
One size doth all conditions fit.

A Peasant may believe as much
As a great Clerk, and reach the highest stature.
Thus dost thou make proud knowledg bend & crouch,
While Grace fills up un-even Nature.

When creatures had no real light
Inherent in them, thou didst make the Sun
Impute a lustre, and allow them bright:
And in this shew what Christ hath done.

That which before was darkned clean
With bushy groves, pricking the lookers eye,
Vanisht away, when faith did change the scene:
And then appear'd a glorious sky.

What though my body run to dust?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain,
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.

¶ Prayer.

¶ Prayer.

PRayer the Churches banquet, Angels age,
Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding Heav'n and Earth;

Engine against th' Almighty, sinners tow'r,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six-dayes world-transposing in an hour,
A kind of Tune, which all things hear and fear;

Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
Exalted Manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well dreſt,
The milky way, the bird of Paradise,
Church-bels beyond the stars heard, the souls blood,
The land of spices, something understood.

¶ H. Communion.

NOt in rich furniture, or fine aray,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who from me wast sold,
To me dost now thy self convey;
For so thou should'st without me still have been
Leaving within me sin:

But by the way of nourishment and strength,
Thou creep'st into my breast;
Making thy way my rest,
And thy small quantities my length;
Which spread their forces into ev'ry part,
Meeting sins force and art.

Yet

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our souls and fleshly hearts;
But as th' out-works, they may controul
My rebel-flesh, and carrying thy Name,
Affright both sin and shame.

Only thy Grace, which with these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privy key,
Op'ning the soul's most subtil rooms:
While those to spirits refin'd at door attend
Dispatches from their friend.

GIve me my captive soul, or take
My body also thither.
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that sin turn'd flesh to stone,
And all our lump to leaven;
A fervent sigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to Heaven.

For sure when *Adam* did not know
To sin, or sin to smother;
He might to Heav'n from Paradise go,
As from one room t'another.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease
By this thy Heav'nly Blood,
Which I can go to when I please,
And leave th' earth to their food.

¶ Antiphon.

Cho. LEt all the World in ev'ry corner Sing,
My God and King.

Verſ. The Heavens are not too high,
His Praiſe may thither fly:
The Earth is not too low,
His Praiſes there may grow.

Cho. Let all the World in every corner ſing,
My God and King.

Verſ. The Church with Pſalms muſt ſhout,
No Door can keep them out:
But above all, the Heart
Muſt bear the longeſt part.

Cho. Let all the World in every corner Sing,
My God and King.

¶ Love. I.

IMmortal Love, author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade;
How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious Name,
And thrown it on that duſt which thou haſt made,

While mortal love doth all the title gain!
Which ſiding with invention, they together
Bear all the ſway, poſſeſſing heart and brain,
(Thy workmanſhip) and give thee ſhare in neither.

Wit

Wit fancies beauty, Beauty raiſeth wit;
The world is theirs; they two play out the game,
Thou ſtanding by: And though thy glorious Name
Wrought our deliverance from the infernal pit,

Who ſings thy praiſe? only a ſcarf or glove (love.
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of

II

IMmortal Heat, O let thy greater flame
Attract the leſſer to it: Let thoſe fires
Which ſhall conſume the world, firſt make it tame,
And kindle in our hearts ſuch true deſires,

As may conſume our luſts, and make thee way. (brain
Then ſhall our hearts pant thee; then ſhall our
All her inventions on thine altar lay,
And there in Hymns ſend back thy fire again:

Our eyes ſhall ſee thee, which before ſaw duſt;
Duſt blown by wit, till that they both were blind:
Thou ſhalt recover all thy goods in kind,
Who were diſſeized by uſurping luſt:

All knees ſhall bow to thee; all wits ſhall riſe,
And praiſe him who did make and mend our eyes.

¶ The Temper.

HOw ſhould I praiſe thee, Lord! how ſhould my
Gladly engrave thy love in ſteel, (rhymes
If what my ſoul doth feel ſometimes,
My ſoul might ever feel!

Al-

Although there were some forty Heavn's, or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score;
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent;
Those distances belong to thee:
The world's too little for thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou dost stretch
A crumb of dust from Heav'n to Hell?
Will great God measure with a wretch?
Shall he thy stature spell?

O let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid,
O let me roost and nestle there:
Then of a Sinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear,

Yet take thy way; for sure thy way is best:
Stretch or contract me thy poor debter:
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the Musick better.

Whether I fly with Angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy Power and Love, my love and trust
Make one place ev'ry where.

¶ The Temper.

IT cannot be. Where is that mighty joy,
Which just now took up all my heart?
Lord! if thou must needs use thy dart,
Save that, and me, or sin for both destroy.

The

The grosser world stands to thy word and art;
But thy Diviner World of Grace
Thou suddenly dost raise and rase,
And ev'ry day a new Creator art.

O fix thy chair of Grace, that all my powers
May also fix their reverence:
For when thou dost depart from hence,
They grow unruly, and sit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to thee:
Though Elements change, and Heaven move;
Let not thy higher Court remove,
But keep a standing Majesty in me.

¶ Jordan.

Who saies that fictions only and false hair
Become a verse? Is there in truth no beauty?
Is all good structure in a winding stair?
May no lines pass, except they do their duty
Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
And sudden arbors shadow course-spun lines?
Must purling streams refresh a lovers love?
Must all be vail'd, while he that reads, divines,
Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest People; let them Sing:
Riddle who list, for me, and pull for Prime:
I envy no mans nightingale or spring;
Nor let them punish me with loss of Rhyme,
who plainly say, *My God, My King.*

Em.

¶ Employment.

IF as a flower doth ſpread and dye,
Thou would'ſt extend me to ſome good,
Before I were by froſts extremity
Nipt in the bud,

The ſweetneſs and the praiſe were thine:
But the extenſion and the room,
Which in thy garland I ſhould fill, were mine
At thy great doom.

For as thou doſt impart thy grace,
The greater ſhall our glory be.
The meaſure of our joyes is in this place,
The ſtuff with thee.

Let me not languiſh then, and ſpend
A life as barren to thy praiſe,
As is the duſt, to which that life doth tend,
But with delayes.

All things are buſie; only I
Neither bring Honey with the Bees,
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
To water theſe.

I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my company is as a weed.
Lord place me in thy conſort; give one ſtraia
To my poor reed.

¶ The H. Scriptures. I.

OH Book! infinite sweetness! let my heart
Suck ev'ry letter, and a honey gain,
Precious for any grief in any part;
To clear the breast, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
a full eternity: Thou art a mass
Of strange delights, where we may wish and take.
Ladies, look here; this is the thankfull glass,

That mends the lookers eyes: This is the Well
That washes what it shews, Who can endear
Thy praise too much? thou art heav'ns Leiger here,
Working against the states of death and Hell.

Thou art joyes handsel: Heav'n lies flat in thee,
Subject to every mounters bended knee.

II.

OH that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory!
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the story.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth tie.
Then, as dispersed herbs do watch a potion,
These three make up some Christians destinie.

Such

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee: For in ev'ry thing
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me understood.

Stars are poor books, and often times do miss:
This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

¶ Whitsunday.

LIsten sweet dove unto my song,
And spread thy golden wings on me;
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it get wing, and fly away with thee.

Where is that fire which once descended
On thy Apostles? thou didst then
Keep open house, richly attended,
Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men,

Such glorious gifts thou didst bestow,
That th' earth did like a heav'n appear:
The Stars were coming down to know,
If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The Sun, which once did shine alone,
Hung down his head, and wish'd for night,
When he beheld twelve Suns for one
Going about the world, and giving light.

But since those pipes of gold, which brought
That cordial water to our ground,
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault (wound;
Of those, who did themselves through their side

Thou shutt'st the door, and keep'st within;
Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:
And if the braves of conquering sin
Did not excite thee, we should wholly sink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the same;
The same sweet God of love and light;
Restore this day, for thy great Name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

¶ Grace.

MY flock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve:
O let thy graces without cease
Drop from above.

If still the Sun should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works nights captives: O let grace
Drop from above.

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall;
And shall the dew out-strip thy Dove?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
Drop from above!

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove:
Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardness void of love:
Let suppl'ing grace to cross his art,
Drop from above.

O come! for thou dost know the way:
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not stay,
Drop from above.

¶ Praise.

TO write a verse or two is all the Praise,
That I can raise:
Mend my estate in any ways,
Thou shalt have more.
I go to Church; help me to wings, and I
Will thither fly;
Or if I mount unto the sky,
I will do more.
Man is all weakness, there is no such thing
As prince or King:
His arm is short, yet with a sling
He may do more.
An herb distill'd, and drunk, may dwell next door,
On the same floor,
To a brave soul: Exalt the poor,
They can do more.
O raise me then! Poor bees that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work as well as they,
And much, much more.

¶ Affliction.

KIll me not ev'ry day,
Thou Lord of Life; since thy own death for me
Is more than all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each hour of Methusalems stay.

If all mens tears were let
Into one common ſewer, ſea, and brine;
What were they all, compar'd to thine?
Wherein if they were ſet,
They would diſcolour thy moſt bloody ſweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
Thou Lord conceal it not: And as thou art
All my delight, ſo all my ſmart:
Thy croſs took up in one,
By way of impreſt, all my future moan.

¶ Mattens.

I Cannot ope mine eyes,
But thou art ready there to catch
My morning-ſoul and ſacrifice:
Then we muſt needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious ſtone,
Or ſtar, or rainbow, or a part
Of all theſe things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That thou ſhouldſt it ſo eye and woo,
Pouring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadſt nothing elſe to do?

Indeed mans whole eſtate
Amounts (and richly) to ſerve thee:
He did not Heav'n and Earth create,
Yet ſtudies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy Love to know;
That this new light, which now I ſee,
May both the work and workman ſhow:
Then by a Sun-beam I will climb to thee.

Sin.

¶ Sin.

OH that I could a sin once see!
We paint the Devil foul, yet he
Hath some good in him; all agree.
Sin is flat opposite to th' Almighty, seeing
It wants the good of *Virtue* and of *being*.

But God more care of us hath had,
If apparitions make us sad,
By sight of sin we should grow mad.
Yet as in sleep we see foul death, and live;
So devils are our sins in prospective.

¶ Even-Song.

BLest be the God of Love,
Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
Both to be busie, and to play.
But much more blest be God above,

Who gave me sight alone,
Which to himself he did deny:
For when he sees my ways, I die:
But I have got his Son, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
For this thy love? have I discharg'd the debt,
Which this dayes favour did beget?
I ran; but all I brought was some.

Thy diet, care, and cost,
Do end in bubbles, balls of wind;
Of wind to thee whom I have crost,
But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet ſtill thou goeſt on,
And now with darkneſs cloſeſt weary eyes,
Saying to man, *It doth ſuffice:*
Henceforth repoſe; your work is done.

Thus in thy Ebony box
Thou doſt incloſe us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our diſorder'd clocks.

I muſe which ſhews more love,
The day or night; that is the gale, this th' harbour;
That is the walk, and this the arbour;
Or that the Garden, this the Grove.

My God, thou art all love.
Not one poor minute ſcapes thy breaſt,
But brings a favour from above;
And in this love, more than in bed, I reſt.

¶ Church-Monuments.

WHile that my ſoul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intomb my fleſh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of duſt;
To which the blaſt of deaths inceſſant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at laſt. Therefore I gladly truſt

My Body to the School, that it may learn
To ſpell his elements, and find his birth
Written in duſty heraldry and lines.
Which diſſolution ſure doth beſt diſcern,
Comparing duſt with duſt, and earth with earth.
Theſe laugh at Jeat, and Marble put for ſigns,

To

To ſever the good fellowſhip of duſt,
And ſpoil the meeting. What ſhall point out them,
When they ſhall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
To kiſs thoſe heaps, which now they have in truſt?
Dear fleſh, while I do pray, learn hear thy ſtem
And true deſcent: That when thou ſhalt grow fat,
And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayſt know,
That fleſh is but the glaſs which holds the duſt
That meaſures all our time; which alſo ſhall
Be crumb'ed into duſt. Mark here below,
How tame theſe aſhes are, how free from luſt,
That thou mayſt fit thy ſelf againſt thy fall.

¶ Church-Muſick.

SWeeteſt of ſweets, I thank you; when diſpleaſure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence, and in your houſe of pleaſure
A dainty lodging me aſſign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,
Riſing and falling with your wings:
We both together ſweetly live and love,
Yet ſay ſometimes, *God help poor Kings.*

Comfort, I'e die; for if you poſt from me,
Sure I ſhall do ſo, and much more:
But if I travel in your companie,
You know the way to Heavens-door.

¶ Church Lock and Key.

I Know it is my ſin, which locks thine ears,
And binds thy hands!
Out-crying my requeſts, drowning my tears;
Or elſe the chilneſs of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,
And mend it ſtill;
So I do lay the want of my deſire,
Not on my ſins, or coldnes, but thy Will.

Yet here, O god, only for his bloods ſake
Which pleads for me:
For though ſins, plead too, yet like ſtones they make
His bloods ſweet current much more loud to be.

¶ The Church-floor.

MArk you the floor? that ſquare & ſpeckled ſtone,
Which looks ſo firm and ſtrong,
Is *Patience.*

And th' other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is check'rd all along,
Humility:

The gentle riſing, which on either hand
Leads to the Quire above,
Is *Confidence*:

But the ſweet Cement, which in one ſure band
Ties the whole frame, is *Love*
And *Charity.*

Hither ſometimes ſin ſteals, and ſtains
The Marbles neat and curious veins:
But all is cleanſed when the Marble weeps.
Sometimes Death, puffing at the door,
Blows all the duſt about the floor:
But while he thinks to ſpoil the room, he ſweeps.
Bleſt be the *Architect*, whoſe art
Could build ſo ſtrong in a weak heart.

¶ The Windows.

LOrd, how can man preach thy eternal word?
He is a brittle crazy glass:
Yet in thy Temple thou dost him afford
This glorious and transcendent place,
To be a window, through thy Grace.

But when thou dost anneal in glass thy story,
Making thy life to shine within
The Holy Preachers; then the light and glory
More rev'rend grows, and more doth win;
Which else shews watrish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A strong regard and awe: But speech alone
Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
And in the ear, not conscience, ring.

¶ Trinity-Sunday.

LOrd, who hast form'd me out of mud,
And hast redeem'd me through thy blood,
And sanctifi'd me to do good;

Purge all my sins done heretofore:
For I confess my heavy score:
And I will strive to sin no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
With faith, with hope, with Charity;
That I may run, rise, rest with thee.

¶ Con-

¶ Content.

PEace mutt'ring thoughts & do not grudge to keep
Within the walls of your own breſt.
Who cannot on his own bed ſweetly ſleep,
Can on anothers hardly reſt.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry queſt and call
Of an untrained hope or paſſion.
To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
Is wantoneſs in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie:
Content and warm t'it ſelf alone:
But when it would appear to others eye,
Without a knock it never ſhone.

Give me the pliant mind, whoſe gentle meaſure
Complies and ſuits with all eſtates;
Which can let looſe to a crown, and yet with pleaſure
Take up within a cloiſters gates.

This ſoul doth ſpan the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre:
Where in each room of the well-furniſh'd tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine dayes wonder:
And after death the fumes that ſpring
From private bodies, make as big a thunder,
As thoſe which riſe from a huge King.

Only thy Chronicle is loſt: And yet
Better by worms be all once ſpent,
Than to have hellish moths ſtill gnaw and fret
Thy name in books, which may not rent.

When

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
Are chaw'd by others pens and tongues,
And as their wit is, their digestion,
Thy nourish'd fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discourfing soul, till thine own ground,
Do not thy self or friends importune.
He that by seeking hath himself once found,
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

¶ The Quiddity.

MY God, a Verse is not a Crown;
No point of honour, or gay suit,
No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute:

It cannot vault, or dance, or play;
It never was in *France* or *Spain*;
Nor can it entertain the day
With a great stable or demain.

It is no Office, Art, or News,
Nor the Exchange, or busie Hall:
But it is that, which while I use,
I am with thee, and *Most take all.*

¶ Humility.

I Saw the Virtues sitting hand in hand
In sev'ral Ranks, upon an azure Throne,
Where all the Beasts and Fowls by their command
Presented tokens of submission.
Humility, who sat the lowest there
To execute their call,
When by the Beasts the presents tendred were,
Gave them about to all.

The

The angry Lion did present his paw,
Which by consent was giv'n to Mansuetude.
The fearful Hare her ears, which by their law
Humility did reach to Fortitude.
The jealous Turky brought his coral-chain;
That went to temperance.
On Justice was bestow'd the Foxes brain,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow bringing the Peacocks plume,
(For he would not) as they beheld the grace
Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it as proper to his place,
Till they fell out: Which when the beasts espy'd,
They leapt upon the throne;
And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their side,
They had depos'd each one.

Humility, who held the plume, at this
Did weep so fast, that the tears trickling down
Spoil'd all the train: Then saying, *Here it is*
For which ye wrangle, made them turn their frown
Against the beasts: So joyntly bandying,
They drive them soon away;
And then amerc'd them double gifts to bring
At the next Session-day.

¶ Frailty.

LOrd, in my silence how do I despise
What upon trust
Is stiled *honour*, *riches*, or *fair eyes*;
But is *fair dust*!
I surname them *gilded clay*,
Dear earth, *fine grass* or *hay*;
In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
Upon their head.

But

But when I view abroad both Regiments,
The worlds, and thine,
Thine clad with simpleness, and sad events;
The other fine,
Full of glory and gay weeds,
Brave language, braver deeds:
That which was dust before, doth quickly rise,
And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, lest if what even now
My foot did tread,
Affront those joyes wherewith thou didst endow
And long since wed
My poor soul, ev'n sick of love;
It may a Babel prove,
Commodious to conquer Heav'n and thee
Planted in me.

¶ Constancy.

WHo is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his Neighbour and himself most true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easie, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glitt'ring look it blind:
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shuns them; but doth calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,
To use in any thing a trick or sleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit:
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and streight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations: When the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run:
The Sun to others writeth laws,
And is their vertue; Virtue is his Sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, Women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way:
Whom others faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend the ill.
This is the Mark-man, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

¶ Affliction.

MY heart did heave, and there came forth, *O God!*
By that I knew that thou wast in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a scepter of the rod:
Hadst thou not had thy part,
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart. But

But since thy breath gave me both life and shape,
Thou know'st my tallies; and when there's assign'd
So much breath to a sigh, what's then behind?
Or if some years with it escape,
The sigh then only is
A gale to bring me sooner to my bliss.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art still
Constant unto it, making it to be
A point of honour, now to grieve in me,
And in thy members suffer ill.
They who lament one cross,
Thou dying daily, praise thee to thy loss.

¶ The Star.

BRight spark, shot from a brighter place,
Where beams surround my Saviours face,
Canst thou be any where
So well as there?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart;
For thou canst make a debter,
And make it better.

First with thy fire-work burn to dust
Folly, and worse than folly, lust:
Then with thy light refine,
And make it shine.

So disengag'd from sin and sickness,
Touch it with thy celestial quickness,
That it may hang and move
After thy love.

Then

Then with our trinity of light,
Motion, and heat, let's take our flight
Unto the place where thou
Before did'ſt bow.

Get me a ſtanding there, and place
Among the beams, which crown the face
Of him who dy'd to part
Sin and my heart.

That ſo among the reſt I may
Glitter, and curl, and wind as they:
That winding is their faſhion
Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy by gaining me
To fly home like a laden Bee
Unto that hive of beams
And garland-ſtreams.

¶ Sunday.

O Day moſt calm, moſt bright,
The fruit of this, the next worlds bud,
Th' indorſment of ſupreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time, cares balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy torch doth ſhew the way.

The other dayes and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at Heaven with thy brow:
The worky-dayes are the back-part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
'Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death: but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundayes the pillars are,
On which Heav'ns Palace arched lies:
The other dayes fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In Gods rich garden: That is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of mans life,
Threaded together on times string,
Make bracelets to adorn the Wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday Heavens gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did inclose this light for his:
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As *Samson* bore the doors away,
Christs hands, though nail'd, wrought our Salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at his expence,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was requir'd to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-dayes trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from sev'n to sev'n,
Till that we both, being tost'd from Earth,
Fly hand in hand to Heaven!

¶ Avarice.

MOney, thou bane of bliſs and ſourſe of wo,
Whence com'ſt thou, that thou art ſo freſh and fine?
I know thy parentage is baſe and low:
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Surely thou didſt ſo little contribute
To this great Kingdom, which thou now haſt got,
That he was fain, when thou waſt deſtitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou haſt got the face of man; for we
Have with our ſtamp and ſeal transfer'd our right:
Thou art the man, and man but droſs to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich;
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

Ana- {MARY / ARMY} *gram*

HOw well her Name an *Army* doth preſent,
In whom the *Lord of Hoſts* did pitch his tent!

¶ To all Angels and Saints.

OH glorious ſpirits, who after all your bands,
See the ſmooth face of God, without a frown,
Or ſtrict commands;
Where every one is king, and hath his crown,
If not upon his head, yet in his hands:

Not

Not out of envy or maliciousnes
Do I forbear to crave your special aid.
I would address
My vows to thee most gladly, blessed Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distress:

Thou art the holy Mine, whence came the Gold,
The great restorative for all decay
In young and old;
Thou art the Cabinet where the Jewel lay:
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold.

But now (alas!) I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all joyntly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing:
And where his pleasure no injunction layes,
('Tis your own case) ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of his rich crown, from whom lies no apeeal
At the last hour:
Therefore we dare not from his garland steal,
To make a posie for inferiour power.

Although then others court you, if ye know
What's done on earth, we shall not fare the worse,
Who do not so;
Since we are ever ready to disburse,
If any one our Masters hand can show.

¶ Employment.

HE that is weary, let him sit
My soul would stir
And trade in courtesies and wit,
Quitting the fur,
The cold complexions needing it.

Man

Man is no ſtar, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire:
Who blows it not, nor doth controll
A faint deſire,
Lets his own aſhes choke his ſoul.

When th' elements did for place conteſt
With him whoſe Will
Ordain'd the higheſt to be beſt.
The earth ſat ſtill,
And by the others is oppreſt.

Life is a buſineſs, not good cheer;
Ever in wars.
The Sun ſtill ſhineth there or here,
Whereas the Stars
Watch an advantage to appear.

Oh that I were an Orange-tree,
That buſie plant!
Then ſhould I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dreſſeth me.

But we are ſtill too young or old;
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold:
So we freeze on,
Untill the grave increaſe our cold.

¶ Denial.

When my devotions could not pierce
Thy ſilent ears;
Then was my heart broken, as was my verſe;
My breaſt was full of fears
And diſorder.

My

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did fly asunder;
Each took his way: some would to pleasure go,
Some to the wars and thunder
Of alarms.

As good go any where, they say,
As to benum
Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
Come, Come, my God, O come!
But no hearing.

O thou that should'st give dust a tongue
To cry to thee,
And then not hear it crying! all day long
My heart was in my knee,

But no hearing.
Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
Untun'd, unstrung:
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt blossom, hung
Discontented.

O chear and tune my heartless breast,
Defer no time;
That so thy favours granting my request,
They and my mind may chime,
And mend my rhyme.

¶ Christmas.

ALL after pleasures as I rid one day,
My horse and I, both tir'd, body and mind,
With full cry of affections quite astray,
I took up in the next Inn I could find.

There

There when I came, whom found I but my dear,
My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief
Of pleasures brought me to him, ready there
To be all passengers most sweet relief?

O thou whose glorious, yet contracted light,
Wrapt in nights mantle, stole into a Manger,
Since my dark soul and brutish is thy right,
To Man of all beasts be not thou a stranger.

Furnish and deck my soul, that thou mayst have
A better lodging, than a rack, or grave.

THe Shepherds sing, and shall I silent be?
My God, no Hymn for thee?
My soul's a Shepherd too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The pasture is thy word; the streams thy grace
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and Flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the day-light hours.
Then we will chide the Sun for letting night
Take up his place and right:
We sing one common Lord; wherefore he should
Himself the candle hold.
I will go searching, till I find a Sun
Shall stay till we have done;
A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly.
As frost-nipt Suns look sadly.
Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,
And one another pay:
His beams shall chear my breast, and both so twine,
Till ev'n his beams sing, and my musick shine.

¶ Ungratefulneſs.

LOrd, with what bounty and rare clemency
Haſt thou redeemd us from the grave!
If thou had'ſt let us run,
Gladly had man ador'd the Sun,
And thought his God moſt brave;
Where now we ſhall be better gods than he.

Thou haſt but two rare Cabinets full of treaſure,
The *Trinity*, and *Incarnation*:
Thou haſt unlock'd them both,
And made them jewels to betroth
The work of thy Creation
Unto thy ſelf in everlaſting pleaſure.

The ſtatelier Cabinet is the *Trinity*,
Whoſe ſparkling light acceſs denies:
Therefore thou doſt not ſhow
This fully to us, till death blow
The duſt into our eyes:
For by that powder thou wilt make us ſee.

But all thy ſweets are pack'd up in the other;
Thy mercies thither flock and flow;
That, as the firſt affrights,
This may allure us with delights;
Becauſe this Box we know;
For we have all of us juſt ſuch another.

But man is cloſe, reſerv'd, and dark to thee;
When thou demandeſt but a heart,
He cavils inſtantly.
In his poor cabinet of bone
Sins have their box apart,
Defrauding thee, who gaveſt two for one.

Sighs

¶ Sighs and Groans.

O Do not use me
After my sins! look not on my desert,
But on thy glory! then thou wilt reform,
And not refuse me: For thou only art
The mighty God, but I a silly worm:
O do not bruise me!

O do not urge me!
For what account can thy ill steward make?
I have abus'd thy stock, destroy'd thy woods,
Suck'd all thy Magazins: My head did ake,
Till it found out how to consume thy goods:
O do not scourge me!

O do not blind me!
I have deserv'd that an *Egyptian* night
Should thicken all my powers; because my lust
Hath still sew'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light:
But I am frailty, and already dust;
O do not grind me!

O do not fill me
With the turn'd vial of thy bitter wrath!
For thou hast other vessels full of blood,
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
Ev'n unto death: Since he dy'd for my good,
O do not kill me!

But O reprieve mee!
For thou hast *life* and *death* at thy command;
Thou art both *Judge* and *Saviour*, *feast* and *rod*,
Cordial and *Corrosive*: Put not thy hand
Into the bitter box; but O my God,
My God, relieve me.

¶ The World.

LOve built a ſtately houſe; where *Fortune* came:
And ſpinning fancies, ſhe was heard to ſay,
That her fine cobwebs did ſupport the frame,
Whereas they were ſupported by the ſame:
But *Wiſdom* quickly ſwept them all away.

Then *Pleaſure* came, who, liking not the faſhion,
Began to make *Baloonies*, *Tarraces*,
Till ſhe had weakned all by alteration:
But revi'ed *laws*, and many a *proclamation*
Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd *Sin*, and with that Sycomore,
Whoſe leaves firſt ſheltred man from drought & dew,
Working and winding ſlily evermore,
The inward Walls and Sommers cleft and tore:
But *Grace* ſhor'd theſe, and cut that as it grew.

Then *Sin* combin'd with *Death* in a firm band,
To raſe the building to the very floor:
Which they effected, none could them withſtand;
But *Love* and *Grace* took *Glory* by the hand,
And built a braver Palace than before.

Coloſ.

Colos. 3. 3.

Our life is hid with Christ in God.

MY words and thoughts do both expresse this notion,
That *LIFE* hath with the Sun a double motion:
The first *IS* streight, and our diurnal friend;
The other *HID*, and doth obliquely bend:
One life is wrapt *IN* flesh, and tends to earth:
The other winds towards *HIM*, whose happy birth
Taught me to live here so, *THAT* still one eye
Should aim and shoot at that which *IS* on high;
Quitting with daily Labour all *MY* pleasure,
To gain at Harvest an eternal *TREASURE*.

¶ Vanity.

THe fleet Astronomer can bore,
And thred the spheres with his quick-piercing mind:
He views their stations, walks from door to door,
Surveys, as if he had design'd
To make a purchase there: He sees their dances,
And knoweth long before
Both their full-ey'd aspects, and secret glances.

The nimble diver with his side
Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
His dearly-earned pearl, which God did hide
On purpose from the ventrous wretch;
That he might save his life, and also hers,
Who with excessive pride
Her own destruction and his danger wears.

The subtil Chymick can devest
And strip the creature naked, till he find
The callow principles within their nest:
There he imparts to them his mind,
Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
They appear trim and dreſt
To ordinary suitors at the door.

What hath not man sought out and found,
But his dear God? who yet his glorious law
Emboſoms in us, mellowing the ground
With ſhowrs and frosts, with love and aw;
So that we need not say, Where's this command?
Poor man! thou ſearcheſt round
To find out *death*, but miſſeſt *life* at hand.

¶ Lent.

WElcome dear feaſt of *Lent*: who loves not thee,
He loves not Temperance, or Authoritie,
But is compos'd of paſſion.
The Scriptures bid us *faſt*; the Church ſayes, *Now*:
Give to thy Mother what thou would'ſt allow
To every corporation.

The humble ſoul compos'd of Love and fear,
Begins at home, and lays the burden there,
When doctrines diſagree.
He ſays, in things which uſe hath juſtly got,
I am a ſcandal to the Church, and not
The Church is ſo to me.

True

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance seeking no evasion,
When good is seasonable;
Unless Authority, which should encrease
The obligation in us, make it less,
And Power it self disable.

Besides the cleanness of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,
A face not fearing lights:
Whereas in fulness there are slurtish fumes,
Sour exhalations, and dishonest rheumes,
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendent profits, which the spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodness of the deed.
Neither ought other mens abuse of *Lent*
Spoil the good use; lest by that argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

It's true, we cannot reach Christs fourtieth day;
Yet to go part of that religious way,
Is better than to rest:
We cannot reach our Saviours purity;
Yet are we bid, *Be holy even as he.*
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with him, than one
That travelleth by-ways.
Perhaps my God, though he be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more
May strengthen my decays.

Yet Lord instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sin, and taking such repast,
As may our faults controul:
That every man may revel at his door,
Not in his Parlour; banqueting the Poor,
And among those his soul.

¶ Virtue.

SWeet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to night;
For thou must dye.

Sweet Rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must dye.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and Roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My Musick shews ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

¶ The

¶ The Pearl. *Matth.* 13.

I Know the ways of Learning; both the head
And pipes that feed the presse, and make it run;
What Reason hath from Nature borrowed,
Or of it self, like a good housewife, spun
In laws and policy; what the stars conspire;
What willing Nature speaks, what forc'd by fire;
Both th' old discoveries, and the new found seas,
The stock and surplus, cause and history:
All these stand open, or I have the keys:
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of Honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesie and wit:
In vies of favours whether party gains,
When glory swells the heart, and moldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love-knot may tye,
And bear the bundle, wheresoe're it goes:
How many drams of spirits there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes;
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of Pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it;
The propositions of hot blood and brains;
What Mirth and Musick mean; what Love and Wit
Have done these twenty hundred years, and more:
I know the projects of unbridled store:
My stuff is flesh, not brass; my senses live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love thee.

I know all these and have them in my hand:
Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes
I fly to thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale, and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have thy love;
With all the circumstances that may move:
Yet through the labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But thy silk-twist let down from Heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climb to thee.

¶ Affliction.

BRoken in pieces all asunder,
Lord hunt me not
A thing forgot,
Once a poor creature, now a wonder;
A wonder torrur'd in the space
Betwixt this World and that of Grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scatter'd smart;
As wat'ring-pots give flowers their lives.
Nothing their fury can control,
While they do wound and prick my soul.

All my attendants are at strife,
Quitting their place
Unto my face:
Nothing performs the task of life:
The elements are let loose to fight,
And while I live, try out their right.

Oh

Oh help, my God! let not their plot
Kill them and me,
And also thee,
Who art my life: dissolve the knot,
As the Sun scatters by his light
All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall these powers, which work for grief,
Enter thy pay,
And day by day
Labour thy praise and my relief;
With care and courage building me,
Till I reach Heav'n, and much more thee.

¶ Man.

My God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For man is ev'ry thing,
And more: He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be more.
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the World besides:
Each part may call the farthest brother:
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with Moons and Tides.

Nothing

Nothing hath got so far,
But man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star:
He is in little all the sphere:
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow;
The earth doth rest, Heav'n move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see, but means our good,
As our *delight*, or as our *treasure*:
The whole is either our cupboard of *food*,
Or Cabinet of *pleasure*.

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the Sun withdraws:
Musick and light attend our head.
All things unto our *flesh* are kind
In their *descent* and *being*; to our *mind*
In their *ascent* and *cause*.

Each thing is full of duty;
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above our meat:
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat!

More Servants wait on Man,
Than he'l take notice of: in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
Oh mighty love! Man is one World, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit,
That as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.

¶ Antiphon.

Chor. PRaised be the God of love,
Men. Here below,
Angels. And here above:
Chor. Who hath dealt his mercies so,
Ang. To his friend,
Men. And to his foe:

Chor. That both grace and glory tend
Ang. Us of old,
Men. And us in th' end.
Chor. The great Shepherd of the fold
Ang. Us did make,
Men. For us was sold.

Chor. He our foes in pieces brake:
Ang. Him we touch;
Men. And him we take.
Chor. Wherefore since that he is such,
Ang. We adore,
Men. And we do crouch.

Chor. Lord, thy Praises shall be more.
Men. We have none,
Ang. And we no store,
Chor. Praised be the God alone,
Who hath made of two folds one.

The

¶ Unkindneſs.

LOrd, make me coy and tender to offend:
In friendſhip, firſt I think, if that agree,
Which I intend,
Unto my friends intent and end.
I would not uſe a friend as I uſe Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blaſted fame
From the leaſt ſpot or thought of blame.
I could not uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

My friend may ſpit upon my curious floor:
Would he have gold? I lend it inſtantly;
But let the poor,
And thou within them ſtarve at door.
I cannot uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my intereſt, and leave it free;
But when thy grace
Sues for my heart, I thee diſplace;
Nor would I uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

Yet can a friend what thou haſt done fulfil?
O write in braſs, *My God upon a tree*
His blood did ſpill,
Only to purchaſe my good will:
Yet uſe I not my ſoes, as I uſe Thee.

¶ Life.

I Made a Posie, while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tye
My life within this band.
But Time did beckon to the Flowers, and they
By Noon most cunningly did steal away,
And withered in my Hand.

My Hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Times gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly deaths sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sug'ring the suspition.

Farewel dear Flowers; sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow streight without complaints or grief,
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

¶ Submission.

BUt that thou art my wisdom, Lord,
And both mine eyes are thine,
My mind would be extreamly stirr'd
For missing my design.

Were it not better to bestow
Some place and power on me?
Then should thy praises with me grow,
And share in my degree.

But

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
I do resume my sighs:
And pilfring what I once did give,
Disseise thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou should'st me raise,
That I should then raise thee?
Perhaps great places, and thy praise
Do not so well agree.
Wherefore unto my gift I stand;
I will no more advise:
Only do thou lend me a hand,
Since thou hast both mine eyes.

¶ Justice.

I Cannot skill of these thy ways.
Lord, thou did'st make me, yet thou woundest me:
Lord, thou do'st wound me, yet thou dost relieve me:
Lord, thou relievest, yet I die by thee:
Lord, thou dost kill me, yet thou dost reprieve me.

But when I mark my life and praise,
Thy justice me most fitly pays:
For I do praise thee, yet I praise thee not:
My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers stray.
I would do well, yet sin the hand hath got:
My soul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
I cannot skill of these my ways.

¶ Charms and Knots.

WHo read a Chapter when they rise,
Sall ne're be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor mans rod, when thou doſt ride,
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who ſhuts his hand, hath loſt his gold:
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aſperſions throw a ſtone
At th' head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,
Finds himſelf there, and ſeeks to riſe.

When th' hair is ſweet through pride or luſt,
The powder doth forget the duſt.

Take one from ten, and what remains?
Ten ſtill, if Sermons go for gains.

In ſhallow waters Heav'n doth ſhow:
But who drinks on, to Hell may go.

¶ Affliction.

MY God, I read this day,
That planted Paradiſe was not ſo firm,
As was and is thy floating Ark, whoſe ſtay
And Anchor thou art only, to confirm
And ſtrengthen it in ev'ry age,
When waves do riſe, and tempeſt rage.

At firſt we liv'd in pleaſure;
Thine own delights thou did'ſt to us impart:
When we grew wanton, thou did'ſt uſe diſpleaſure
To make us thine; Yet that we might not part,
As we at firſt did board with thee,
Now thou would'ſt taſte our miſerie.

There

There is but joy and grief;
If either will convert us, we are thine:
Some Angels us'd the first; if our relief
Take up the second, then the double line
And several baits in either kind
Furnish thy table to thy mind.

Affliction then is ours;
We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,
While blustring winds destroy the wanton bowers,
And ruffle all their curious knots and store.
My God, so temper joy and wo,
That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

¶ Mortification.

How soon doth man decay!
When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way:
Those clouts are little winding-sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boyes go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves;
Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
Makes them not dead:
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for Musick, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In companie;
That Musick summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When

When man grows staid and wise,
Getting a house and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumb inclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing ev'ry year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would speak;
A chair or litter shews the bier,
Which shall convey him to the house of death.

Man, e're he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnity,
And dress his Herse, while he hath breath
As yet to spare.
Yet Lord, instruct us so to die,
That all these dyings may be life in death.

¶ Decay.

SWeet were the daies when thou didst lodge with (Lot,
Struggle with *Jacob*, sit with *Gideon*,
Advise with *Abraham*, when thy power could not
Encounter *Moses* strong complaints and mone:
Thy words were then, *Let me alone.*

One might have sought, and found thee presently
At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well:
Is my God this way? No, they would reply:
He is to *Sinai* gone, as we heard tell;
Lift, ye may hear great *Aarons* Bell.

But

But now thou dost thy self immure and close
In some one corner of a feeble heart:
Where yet both Sin and Satan, thy old foes,
Do pinch and straiten thee, and use much art
To gain thy thirds and little part.

I see the world grows old, when as the heat
Of thy great love once spread, as in an urn
Doth closet up it self, and still retreat,
Cold sin still forcing it, till it return,
And calling Justice all things burn.

¶ Misery.

LOrd, let the Angels praise thy Name.
Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing;
Folly and Sin play all his game.
His House still burns; and yet he still doth sing,
Man is but glass,
He knows it, fill the glass.

How canst thou brook his foolishness?
Nay, he'l not lose a cup of drink for thee:
Bid him but temper his excess;
Not he: he knows where he can better be,
As he will swear,
Than to serve thee in fear.

What strange pollutions doth he wed,
And make his own, as if none knew but he!
No man shall beat into his head,
That thou within his curtains drawn can'st see:
They are of cloth,
Where never yet came moth.

The best of men, turn but thy hand
For one poor minute, stumble at a pin:
They would not have their actions scan'd,
Nor any sorrow tell them that they sin,
Though it be small,
And measure not their fall.

They quarrel thee, and would give over
The bargain made to serve thee: but thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wing of thy mild Dove,
Not suffering those
Who would, to be thy foes.

My God, Man cannot praise thy name:
Thou art all brightness, perfect purity:
The Sun holds down his head for shame,
Dead with eclipses, when we speak of thee.
How shall infection
Presume on thy perfection?

As dirty hands foul all they touch,
And those things most, which are most pure and fine:
So our clay-hearts, ev'n when we crouch
To sing thy praises, make them less divine.
Yet either this,
Or none thy portion is.

Man cannot serve thee; let him go
And serve the Swine: there, there is his delight:
He doth not like this Virtue, no;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night:
These preachers make
His head to shoot and ake.

Oh foolish man, where are thine eyes?
How hast thou lost them in a croud of cares?
Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,
No, not to purchase the whole pack of stars:
There let them shine,
Thou must go sleep, or dine.

The bird that sees a dainty bower
Made in the tree, where she was wont to sit,
Wonders and sings, but not his power,
Who made the arbour: This exceeds her wit.
But man doth know
The spring whence all things flow:

And yet, as though he knew it not,
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reign:
They make his life a constant blot,
And all the blood of God to run in vain.
Ah wretch! what verse
Can thy strange wayes rehearse?

Indeed at first Man was a treasure,
A box of jewels, shop of rarities,
A ring, whose posie was, *My pleasure*;
He was a Garden in a Paradise:
Glory and grace
Did crown his heart and face.

But sin hath fool'd him. Now he is
A lump of flesh, without a foot or wing
To raise him to the glimpse of bliss:
A sick tost'd vessel dashing on each thing;
Nay, his own shelf:
My God, I mean my self.

¶ Jordan.

¶ Jordan.

WHen first my lines of Heav'nly joys made men-
tion,
Such was their lustre, they did so excell,
That I sought out quaint words and trim invention:
My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the sense, as if it were to sell.

Thousands of notions in my brain did run,
Off'ring their service, if I were not sped:
I often blotted what I had begun;
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the Sun,
Much less those joys which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind, when they ascend;
So did I weave my self into the sense.
But while I bustled, I might hear a friend
Whisper, *How wide is all this long pretence!*
There is in love a sweetness ready penn'd:
Copy out only that, and save expence.

¶ Prayer.

OF what an easie quick access,
My blessed Lord, art thou! how suddenly
may our requests thine ear invade!
To shew that state dislikes not easiness.
If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made:
Thou canst no more not hear, than thou can'st die.

Of

Of what supream Almighty power
Is thy great arm, which spans the East and West,
And tacks the Centre to the Sphere!
By it do all things live their measur'd hour:
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
Blaming the shallowness of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love
Art thou possest, who when thou couldst not die,
Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
And for our sakes in person sin reprove,
That by destroying that which cry'd thy purse,
Thou might'st make way for liberalitie!

Since then these three wait on thy throne,
Ease, *Power*, and *Love*; I value Prayer so,
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues all should go:
I and dear prayer would together dwell,
And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

¶ Obedience.

My God, if writings may
Convey a Lordship any way,
Whither the buyer and the seller please;
Let it not thee displease,
If this poor paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
As many lines, as there doth need
To pass it self, and all it hath to thee:
To which I do agree,
And here present it as my special deed.

If that hereafter Pleasure
Cavil, and claim her part and measure,
As if this passed with a reservation,
Or some such words in fashion;
I her rexclude the wrangler from thy treasure.

O let thy sacred Will
All thy delight in me fulfil:
Let me not think an action mine own way,
But as thy love shall sway,
Resigning up the rudder to thy skill.

Lord, what is man to thee,
That thou should'st mind a rotten tree?
Yet since thou can'st not choose but see my actions;
So great are thy perfections,
Thou may'st as well my actions guide, as see.

Besides, thy death and blood
Show'd a strange love to all our good:
Thy sorrows were in earnest; no faint proffer,
Or superficial offer
Of what we might not take, or be withstood.

Wherefore I all forgo:
To one word only I say, No.
Which in the deed there was an intimation
Of a *gift* or *donation*,
Lord, let it now by way of *purchase* go.

He that will pass his land,
As I have mine, may set his hand
And heart unto this deed, when he hath read;
And make the purchase spread
To both our goods, if he to it will stand.

How happy were my part,
If some kind man would thrust his heart
Into these lines; till in Heavens court of rolls
They were by winged souls
Entred for both, far above their desert!

¶ Conscience.

Peace prattler, do not lowre:
Not a fair look, but thou dost call it foul:
Not a sweet dish, but thou dost call it sowre:
Musick to thee doth howl.
By listning to thy chatting fears
I have both lost mine eyes and ears.

Prattler, no more, I say:
My thoughts must work, but like a noiseless sphere.
Harmonious peace must rock them all the day:
No room for prattlers there.
If thou persistest, I will tell thee,
That I have Physick to expel thee.

And the receit shall be
My Saviours blood: when ever at his board
I do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,
And leaves thee not a word,
No not a tooth or nail to scratch,
And at my actions carp or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,
Besides my Physick, know there's some for thee:
Some wood and nails to make a staff or bill
For those that trouble me:
That bloody cross of my dear Lord
Is both my Physick and my sword.

¶ Sion

¶ Sion.

LOrd, with what glory wast thou serv'd of old,
When *Solomons* temple stood and flourished!
Where most things were of pureſt Gold;
The wood was all imbellished
With flowers and carvings, mystical and rare:
All shew'd the builders, crav'd the seers care.

Yet all this glory, all this pomp and state
Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim,
Something there was that sow'd debate:
Wherefore thou quitt'st thy ancient claim:
And now thy Architecture meets with sin;
For all thy frame and fabrick is within.

There thou art struggling with a peevish heart,
Which some times crosseth thee, thou sometimes it:
The fight is hard, on either part.
Great God doth fight, he doth submit.
All *Solomons* sea of brass and world of stone
Is not so dear to thee as one good groan.

And truly brass and stones are heavy things,
Tombs for the dead, not temples fit for thee:
But groans are quick and full of wings,
And all their motions upward be;
And ever as they mount, like larks they sing:
The note is sad, yet musick for a King.

¶ Home.

COme Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is sick
While thou dost ever, ever stay:
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
My spirit gaspeth night and day.
O shew thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee!

How can'ſt thou ſlay, conſidering the pace
The blood did make, which thou didſt waſte?
When I beheld it trickling down thy face,
I never ſaw thing make ſuch haſte.
O ſhew thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

When man was loſt; thy pity lookt about,
To ſee what help in th' earth or ſky:
But there was none; at leaſt no help without:
The help did in thy boſom lie.
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

There lay thy Son: and muſt he leave that neſt,
That hive of ſweetneſs, to remove
Thraldom from thoſe, who would not at a feaſt
Leave one poor apple for thy love?
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

He did, he came: O my Redeemer dear,
After all this can'ſt thou be ſtrange?
So many years baptiz'd, and not appear;
As if thy love could fail or change?
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

Yet if thou ſlayeſt ſtill, why muſt I ſtay?
My God, what is this world to me?
This world of wo? hence all ye clouds, away,
Away; I muſt get up and ſee.
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

What is this weary world, this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth ſo faſt?
What is this Woman-kind, which I can wink
Into a blackneſs and diſtaſte?
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

With

With one small sigh thou gav'st me th' other day
I blasted all the joys about me:
And scouling on them, as they pin'd away,
Now come again, said I, and flout me.
O shew thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee!

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake,
Which way soe're I look, I see.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dress themselves, and come to thee,
O shew thy self, &c.

We talk of harvest; there are no such things,
But when we leave our corn and hay:
There is no fruitful year, but that which brings
The last and lov'd, though dreadful day.
O shew thy self, &c.

O loose this frame, this knot of man untie,
That my free soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortality,
As an entangled hamper'd thing.
O shew thy self, &c.

What have I left that I should stay and groan?
The most of me to Heav'n is fled:
My thoughts and joyes are all packt up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O shew thy self, &c.

Come dearest Lord, pass not this holy season,
My flesh and bones and joynts do pray:
And ev'n my verse, when by the rhyme and reason
The word is *Stay*, says ever, *Come*.
O shew thy self to me
Or take me up to thee!

¶ The Britiſh Church.

I Joy dear Mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
Both ſweet and bright.

Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When ſhe doth write.

A fine aſpect in fit array,
Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
Shews who is beſt.

Outlandiſh looks may not compare:
For all they either painted are,
Or elſe undreſt.

She on the hills, which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preſer'd,

Hath kiſs'd ſo long her painted ſhrines,
That ev'n her face by kiſſing ſhines,
For her reward.

She in the Valley is ſo ſhie
Of dreſſing, that her hair doth lie
About her ears:

While ſhe avoids her neighbours pride,
She wholly goes on th' other ſide
And nothing wears.

But deareſt Mother, (what thoſe miſs)
The mean thy praiſe and glory is,
And long may be.

Bleſſed be God whoſe love it was
To double-more thee with his grace,
And none but thee.

¶ The

¶ The Quip.

THe merry World did on a day
With his Trian-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at mee.

First, Beauty crept into a Rose;
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,
Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
What tune is this, poor man? said he:
I heard in Musick you had skill.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he?
He scarce allow'd me half an eye.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me,

Yet when the hour of thy design
To answer these fine things shall come;
Speak not at large, say, I am thine,
And then they have their answer home.

¶ Vanity.

POor silly soul, whose hope and head lies low;
Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow;
To whom the stars shine not so fair, as eyes;
Nor solid work, as false embroideries;
Hark and beware, least what you now do measure,
And write for sweet, prove a most sowre displeasure.

O hear betimes, lest thy relenting
May come too late!
To purchase Heaven for repenting,
Is no hard rate.
If souls be made of earthly mold,
Let them love Gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kinred fly:
For they can never be at rest,
Till they regain their ancient nest.
Then silly soul take heed; for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

¶ The Dawning.

AWake sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns:
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth;
Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns:
Thy Saviour comes and with him mirth:
Awake awake;
And with a thankful heart his comforts take.
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry,
And feel his death, but not his victory.

Arise

Arise sad heart; if thou dost not withstand,
Christs resurrection thine may be:
Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
Which as it riseth, raiseth thee:
Arise, arise;
And with his burial-linnen dry thine eyes. (grief
Christ left his grave-clothes, that we might, when
Draws tears, or blood, not want an handkerchief.

¶ JESU.

JESU is in my heart, his sacred Name
Is deeply carved there: but th' other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Ev'n all to pieces; which I went to seek:
And first I found the corner where was *J*,
After, where *ES* and next where *U* was graved.
When I had got these parcels, instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart he was *I taste you*,
And to my whole is *JESU*.

¶ Business.

CAn'st be idle, can'st thou play,
Foolish soul, who fin'd to day?

Rivers run, and springs each one
Know their home, and get them gone:
Hast thou tears, or hast thou none?

If, poor soul, thou hast no tears,
Would thou hadst no faults or fears!
Who hath these, these ills forbears.

E 5 Winds

Winds still work: it is their plot,
Be the season cold or hot:
Hast thou sighs, or hast thou not?

If thou hast no sighs or groans,
Would thou hadst no flesh and bones!
Lesser pains scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Foolish soul, who dy'd for thee?

Who did leave his Fathers Throne,
To assume thy flesh and bone?
Had he life, or had he none?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadst dy'd most wretchedly;
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He so far thy good did plot,
That his own self he forgot.
Did he die, or did he not?

If he had not dy'd for thee,
Thou hadst liv'd in miserie;
Two lives worse than ten deaths be.

And hath any space of breath
'Twixt his sins and Saviours death?

He that loseth Gold, though dross,
Tells to all he meets, his cross:
He that sins, hath he no loss?

He that finds a silver vein,
Thinks on it, and thinks again;
Brings thy Saviours death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither Sin nor Saviour feels.

¶ Dialogue.

¶ Dialogue.

SWeeteſt Saviour, if my ſoul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly ſhould I then controul
Any thought of waving.
But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To thy wretch ſo full of ſtains;
What delight or hope remains?

What (child) is the ballance thine?
Thine the poize and meaſure?
If I ſay thou ſhalt be mine,
Finger not my treaſure.
What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, only be,
Who for man was ſold, can ſee,
That tranſfer'd th' accounts to me.

But as I can ſee no merit,
Leading to his favour:
So the way to fit me for it,
Is beyond my Saviour.
As the reaſon then is thine;
So the way is none of mine:
I diſclaim the whole deſign:
Sin diſclaims, and I reſign.

That is all, if that I could
Get without repining;
And my clay, my creature would
Follow my reſigning:
That as I did freely part
With my glory and deſert,
Left all joyes to feel all ſmart ——
Ah! no more: thou break'ſt my heart.

Dulneſs

¶ Dulneſs.

WHy do I languiſh thus, drooping and dull,
As if I were all earth?
O give me quickneſs, that I may with mirth
Praiſe thee brim-full.

The wanton lover in a curious ſtrain
Can praiſe his faireſt fair;
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
Curl o're again:

Thou art my lovelineſs, my life, my light,
Beauty alone to me:
Thy bloody death and undeſerv'd, makes thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appear,
That thoſe thy form doth ſhow,
The very duſt where thou doſt tread and go,
Makes beauties here.

Where are my lines then? my approaches? views?
Where are my window-Songs?
Lovers are ſtill pretending, and ev'n wrongs
Sharpen their Muſe.

But I am loſt in fleſh, whoſe ſugered lies
Still mock me, and grow bold:
Sure thou didſt put a mind there, if I could
Find where it lies.

Lord, clear thy gift, that with a conſtant wit
I may but look towards thee:
Look only: for to *love* thee, who can be,
What Angel fit?

¶ Love-

¶ Love-joy.

AS on a window late I cast mine eye,
I saw a Vine drop grapes, with *J* and *C*
Anneal'd on every branch. One standing by
Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
To spend my judgment) said, it seem'd to me
To be the body and the letters both
Of *Joy* and *Charity*. Sir, you have not miss'd,
The man reply'd; It figures JESUS CHRIST.

¶ Providence.

O Sacred Providence, who from end to end
Strongly and sweetly movest! Shall I write,
And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? shall they not do thee right?

Of all the Creatures both in Sea and Land
Only to man thou hast made known thy ways,
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him Secretary of thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; Birds ditty to their notes;
Trees wouldbe tuning on their native lute
To thy renown: but all their hands and throats
Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the worlds high Priest: He doth present
The sacrifice for all: while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow.

He that to praise and laud thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand, who would praise thee fain;
And doth commit a world of sin in one.

The

The beasts say, Eat me; but, if beasts must teach,
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.
The trees say, Pull me: but the hand you stretch,
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my fellows praise to thee:
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but thine.

For either thy *command* or thy *permission*
Lay hands on all: they are thy *right* and *left*,
The first puts on with speed an expedition;
The other curbs sins stealing pace and theft,

Nothing escapes them both: all must appear,
And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by thee,
Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could hear
Thy skill and art, what musick would it be!

Thou art in small things great, not small in any:
Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many:
For thou art infinite in one, and all.

Tempests are calm to thee, they know thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their Fathers,
Which cry and follow. Thou hast made poor sand
Check the proud sea, ev'n when it swels and gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world: the meat is set,
Where all may reach: no Beast but knows his feed.
Birds teach us hawking: fishes have their net:
The great prey on the less, they on some weed.

Nothing

Nothing ingenderd doth prevent his meat;
Flies have their table spread, e're they appear;
Some creatures have in winter what to eat;
Others do sleep, and envy not their chear.

How finely dost thou times and seasons spin,
And make a twist checker'd with night and day!
Which as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,
As bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wisdom for his good.
The Pigeons feed their tender off spring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their food,
When they are fledg, that need may teach them flying.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruise
Their Masters flow'r, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to use:
So both the flow'r doth stay, and honey run.

Sheep eat the grass, and dung the ground for more:
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for soil:
Springs vent their streams, and by expence get store:
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the virtue to express the rare
And curious virtues both of herbs and stones?
Is there an herb for that? O that thy care
Would shew a root that gives expressions?

And if an herb hath power, what have the stars!
A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure.
Doubtless our plagues and plenty, peace and wars
Are there much surer than our art is sure.

Thou hast hid metals: man may take them thence;
But at his peril: when he digs the place,
He makes a grave; as if the thing had sense,
And threatned man, that he should fill the space.

Ev'n

Ev'n poysons praise thee. Should a thing be lost?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due?
Since where are poysons, antidotes are most;
The help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

The sea, which seems to slow the traveller,
Is by a ship the speedier passage made.
The winds, who think they rule the Mariner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his trade.

And as thy house is full, so I adore
Thy curious art in marshalling thy goods.
The hills with health abound, the vales with store;
The South with marble, Norths with furs and woods.

Hard things are glorious; easie things good cheap;
The common all men have; that which is rare,
Men therefore seek to have and care to keep.
The healthy frosts with summer fruits compare.

Light without wind is glass: warm without weight
Is wool and furs: cool without closeness shade:
Speed without pains a horse: tall without height
A servile hawk: low without loss a spade.

All countreys have enough to serve their need:
If they seek fine things, thou dost make them run
For their offence; and then dost turn their speed
To be commerce and trade from sun to sun.

Nothing wears clothes but Man; nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire,
But Man alone, to shew his heav'nly breed:
And only he hath fewel in desire.

Whē th' earth was dry, thou mad'st a sea of wet:
When that lay gather'd, thou did'st broach the moun-tains:
When yet some places could no moisture get, (tains.
The winds grew gardners, and the clouds good foun-

Rain,

Rain doth not hurt my flowers; but gently spend
Your honey drops: preſs not to ſmell them here;
When they are ripe, their odour will aſcend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

How harſh are thorns to pears! and yet they make
A better hedge, and need leſs reparation.
How ſmooth are ſilks, compared with a ſtake,
Or with a ſtone! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou doſt divide thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite. The *Indian* nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and kan,
Boat, cable, ſail and needle, all in one.

Moſt herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry.
Cold fruit's warm kernels help againſt the wind.
The limons juice and rind cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth looſe, the milk doth bind.

Thy creatures leap not, but expreſs a feaſt,
Where all the gueſts ſit cloſe, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry fiſh and fleſh; bats, bird and beaſt;
Sponges, non-ſenſe and ſenſe; mines, th' earth & plants.

To ſhew thou art not bound, as if thy lot
Were worſe than ours, ſometimes thou ſhifteſt hands.
Moſt things move th' under jaw; the Crocodile not.
Moſt things ſleep lying, th' Elephant leans or ſtands.

But who hath praiſe enough? nay, who hath any?
None can expreſs thy works, but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, which are ſo many,
And ſo compleat, but only he that owes them.

All things that are, though they have ſev'ral ways,
Yet in their being joyn with one advice
To honour thee: and ſo I give thee praiſe
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each

Each thing that is, although in use and name
It go for one, hath many waies in store
To honour thee: and so each hymn thy fame
Extolleth many waies, yet this one more.

¶ Hope.

I Gave to hope a Watch of mine: but he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old Prayer-book I did present:
And he an optick sent.
With that I gave a vial full of tears:
But he a few green ears.
Ah Loyterer! I'le no more, no more I'le bring:
I did expect a ring.

¶ Sins round.

SOrry I am, my God, sorry I am,
That my offences course it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a busie flame:
Untill their Cockatrice they hatch and bring:
And when they once have perfected their draughts,
My words take fire from my enflamed thoughts.

My words take fire from my enflamed thoughts,
Which spit it forth like the *Sicilian* Hill.
They vent the wares, and pass them with their faults,
And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
But words suffice not, where are lewd intentions:
My hands do joyn to finish the inventions.

My hands do joyn to finish the inventions:
And so my sins ascend three stories high,
As *Babel* grew, before their were dissensions.
Yet ill deeds loyter not: for they supply
New thoughts of sinning; wherefore to my shame,
Sorry I am, my God, sorry I am.

¶ Time

¶ Time.

MEeting with Time, Slack thing, said I,
Thy sithe is dull, whet it for shame.
No marvel, Sir, he did reply,
If it at length deserve some blame:
But where one man would have me grind it,
Twenty for one too sharp do find it.

Perhaps some such of old did pass,
Who above all things lov'd this life;
To whom thy sithe a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning knife.
Christs coming hath made man thy debter,
Since by thy cutting he grows better,

And in his blessing thou art blest:
For where thou only wert before
An executioner at best;
Thou art a gard'ner now and more.
An usher to convey our souls
Beyond the utmost stars and poles.

And this is that makes life so long,
While it detains us from our God.
Ev'n pleasures here increase the wrong:
And length of daies lengthen the Rod.
Who wants the place where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell.

Of what strange length must that needs be,
Which ev'n eternity excludes.
Thus far time heard me patiently:
Then chafing said, this man deludes:
What do I here before his door?
He doth not crave less time, but more.

Gratu-

¶ Gratefulneſs.

THou that haſt given ſo much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful heart.
See how thy begger works on thee
By art.

He makes thy gifts occaſion more,
And ſays, If he in this be croſt,
All thou haſt giv'n him heretofore
Is loſt.

But thou didſt reckon, when at firſt
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worſt
To ſave.

Perpetual knockings at thy door,
Tears ſullying thy tranſparent rooms,
Gift upon gift, much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithſtanding, thou went'ſt on,
And didſt allow us all our noiſe:
Nay, thou haſt made a ſigh and groan
Thy joyes.

Not that thou haſt not ſtill above
Much better tunes than groans can make;
But that theſe countrey-airs thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again;
And in no quiet can'ſt thou be,
'Till I a thankful heart obtain
Of thee:

Not

Not thankfull, when it pleaſeth me:
As if thy bleſſings had ſpare dayes:
But ſuch a heart, whoſe pulſe may be
Thy praiſe.

¶ Peace.

SWeet Peace, where doſt thou dwell? I humbly
Let me once know. crave;
I ſought thee in a ſecret cave,
And ask'd if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did ſeem to anſwer, No:
Go ſeek elſewhere.

I did; and going, did a rainbow note:
Surely thought I,
This is the Lace of Peaces Coat:
I will ſearch out the matter.
But while I lookt, the clouds immediately
Did break and ſcatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did ſpy
A gallant flower,
The crown imperial: Sure ſaid I,
Peace at the root muſt dwell.
But when I digg'd, I ſaw a worm devour
What ſhow'd ſo well.

At length I met a reverend good old man:
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began;
There was a Prince of old
At *Salem* dwelt, who liv'd with good increaſe
Of flock and fold.

He

He sweetly liv'd; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes.
But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat:
Which many wondring at, got some of those
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth:
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That vertues lie therein;
A secret vertue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it: and that repose
And peace, which every where
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there.

¶ Confession.

O What a cunning guest
Is this same grief! within my heart I made
Closets and in them many a chest;
And, like a master in my trade,
In those chests, boxes; in each box, a till:
Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No screw, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and wind,
As Gods afflictions into man,
When he a torture hath design'd.
They are too subtil for the subt'lest hearts;
And fall, like rheumes upon the tenderest parts,

We

We are the Earth, and they,
Like moles within us, heave and cast about:
And till they foot and clutch their prey,
They never cool, much less give out.
No Smith can make such locks, but they have keys:
Closets are Halls to them; and hearts high-ways.

Only an open breast
Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter;
Or if they enter, cannot rest,
But quickly seek some new adventure.
Smooth open hearts no fastning have; but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and sins,
Lord I acknowledge: take thy plagues away:
For since confession pardon wins,
I challenge here the brightest day,
The clearest diamond: let them do their best,
They shall be thick and cloudy to my breast.

¶ Giddiness.

OH what a thing is man! how far from power,
From setted peace and rest!
He is some twenty sev'ral men at least
Each sev'ral hour.

One while he counts of heav'n, as of his treasure:
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of Sin
Will lose a pleasure.

Now

Now he will fight it out, and to the wars;
Now eat his bread in peace,
And fnudge in quiet; now he ſcorns increaſe;
Now all day ſpares.

He builds a houſe, which quickly down muſt go,
As if a whirlwind blew
And cruſh'd the building: And it's partly true,
His mind is ſo.

O what a ſight were Man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind!
And like a dolphins ſkin, his clothes combin'd
With his deſires!

Surely, if each one ſaw anothers heart,
There would be no commerce,
No ſale or bargain paſs: All would diſperſe,
And live apart.

Lord, mend, or rather make us: One creation
Will not ſuffice our turn:
Except thou make us daily, we ſhall ſpurn
Our own ſalvation.

¶ The Bunch of Grapes.

JOy, I did lock thee up, but ſome bad man
Hath let thee out again:
And now, methinks, I am where I began
Seven years ago; one vogue and vein,
One air of thoughts uſurps my brain.
I did towards *Canaan* draw; but now I am
Brought back to the Red Sea, the Sea of ſhame.

For

For as the Jews of old by Gods command
Travell'd, and saw no town;
So now each Christian hath his journey spann'd:
Their story pens and sets us down.
A single deed is small renown.
Gods works are wide, and let in future times:
His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our gardian fires and clouds;
Our scripture-dew drops fast:
We have our sands and serpents, tents and shrowds;
Alas! our murmurings come not last.
But where's the cluster? where's the taste
Of mine inheritance? Lord, if I must borrow,
Let me as well take up their joy as sorrow.

But can he want the grape, who hath the wine?
I have their fruit and more.
Blessed be God, who prosper'd *Noah's* Vine,
And made it bring forth grapes good store.
But much more him I must adore,
Who of the Laws sowre juice sweet wine did make,
Ev'n God himself being pressed for my sake.

¶ Love unknown.

DEar friend, sit down, the tale is long and sad:
And in my faintings I presume your love
Will more comply than help. A Lord I had,
And have, of whom some grounds, which may improve
I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.
To him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle plac'd my heart. But he
(I sigh to say)

Lookt on a Servant, who did know his eye
Better than you knew me, or (which is one)
Than I my self. The servant instantly
Quitting the fruit, seiz'd on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A stream of blood, which issu'd from the side
Of a great rock: I will remember all,
And have good cause: There it was dipt and dy'd,
And washt, and wrung: The very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. *Your heart was foul, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
Many a fault, more than my lease will bear;
Yet still ask'd pardon, and was not deny'd.
But you shall hear. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one even-tide
(I sigh to tell)
Walkt by my self abroad, I saw a large
And spacious furnace flaming, and thereon
A boyling caldron, round about whose verge
Was in great letters set *AFFLICTION.*
The greatness shew'd the owner. So I went
To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that, which I did thus present,
To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the scalding pan;
My heart that brought it (do you understand?)
The offerers heart. *Your heart was hard, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
Began to spread and to expatiate there:
But with a richer drug than scalding water
I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy blood,
Which at a board, while many drunk bare wine,
A friend did steal into my cup for good,
Ev'n taken inwardly, and most divine

To

To supple hardnesses. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, soon I fled
Unto my house, where to repair the strength
Which I had lost, I hasted to my bed:
But when I thought to sleep out all these faults,
(I sigh to speak)
I found that some had stuff'd the bed with thoughts,
I would say *thorns*. Dear, could my heart not break,
When with my pleasures ev'n my rest was gone?
Full well I understood who had been there:
For I had giv'n the key to none but one:
It must be he. *Your heart was dull, I fear.*
Indeed a slack and sleepy state of mind
Did oft possess me so, that when I pray'd,
Though my lips went, my heart did stay behind.
But all my scores were by another paid,
Who took the debt upon him. *Truly, Friend,*
For ought I hear, your Master shows to you
More favour than you wot of. Mark the end.
The Font did only what was old renew:
The Caldron supplied what was grown too hard:
The Thorns did quicken what was grown too dull:
All did but strive to mend what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be chear'd, and praise him to the full
Each day, each hour, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be new, tender, quick.

¶ Mans Medly.

HEark how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring.
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet, if we rightly measure,
Mans joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter, than in present, is.

To this life things of sense
Make their pretence:
In th' other Angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With th' one hand touching heav'n, with th' other earth

In soul he mounts and flies,
In flesh he dies.
He wears a stuff, whose thread is course and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not, that he may not here
Taste of the cheer:
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their heads;
So must he sip, and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his joyes are double;
So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one:
Both frosts and thoughts do nip,
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their wayes.
Happy is he, whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

¶ The

¶ The Storm.

IF, as the winds and waters here below
Do fly and flow,
My sighs and tears as busie were above;
Sure they would move
And much affect thee, as tempestuous times
Amaze poor mortals, and object their crimes.

Scars have their storms, even in a high degree,
As well as we.
A throbbing conscience spurred by remorse
Hath a strange force:
It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
Dares to assault thee, and besiege thy door.

There it stands knocking, to thy musicks wrong,
And drowns the song.
Glory and Honour are set by, till it
An answer get.
Poets have wrong'd poor storms: such days are best,
They purge the air without, within the breast.

¶ Paradise.

I Bless thee, Lord, because I GROW
Among thy trees, which in a ROW
To thee both fruit and order OW.

What open force, or hidden CHARM
Can blast my fruit, or bring me HARM
While the inclosure is thine ARM?

Incloſe me ſtill for fear I START.
Be to me rather ſharp and TART,
Than let me want thy hand and ART.

When thou doſt greater judgments SPARE,
And with thy knife but prune and PARE,
Ev'n fruitful trees more fruitful ARE.

Such ſharpneſs ſhows the ſweeteſt FRIEND:
Such cuttings rather heal than REND:
And ſuch beginnings touch their END.

¶ The Method.

POor heart, lament.
For ſince thy God refuſeth ſtill,
There is ſome rub ſome diſcontent,
Which cools his will.

Thy Father *could*
Quickly effect what thou doſt move:
For he is *Power*: and ſure he *would*;
For he is *Love*.

Go ſearch this thing,
Tumble thy breaſt and turn thy book:
If thou had'ſt loſt a glove or ring,
Wouldſt thou not look?

What do I ſee
Written above there? *Yeſterday*
I did behave me careleſly,
When I did pray.

And

And should Gods ear
To such indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own motions hear?
Is God less free?

But stay? what's there?
Late when I would have something done;
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And should Gods ear,
Which needs not man, be ty'd to those
Who hear not him, but quickly hear
His utter foes?

Then once more pray;
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice;
Seek pardon first, and God will say,
Glad heart rejoice.

¶ Divinity.

AS men for fear the stars should sleep and nod,
And trip at night, have spheres supply'd;
As if a Star were duller than a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide:

Just so the other heav'n they also serve,
Divinities transcendent skye:
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
Reason triumphs, and Faith lies by.

Could not that wisdom, which first broach'd the wine,
Have thickn'd it with definitions?
And jagg'd his seamless coat, had that been fine,
With curious questions and divisions?

But all the doctrine which he taught and gave,
Was clear as Heav'n, from whence it came:
At least those beams of truth, which only save,
Surpass in brightness any flame.

Love God, and love your neighbour. Watch and pray.
Do as you would be done unto.
O dark instructions, ev'n as dark as day!
Who can these Gordian knots undo?

But he doth bid us take his blood for wine.
Bid what he please; yet I am sure,
To take and taste what he doth there design,
Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man;
Break all thy spheres, and save thy head.
Faith needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can
To Heav'n alone both go and lead.

Ephes. 4. 30.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit, &c.

And art thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
When I am sowre,
And cross thy love?
Grieved for me? the God of strength and power
Griev'd for a worm, which when I tread,
I pass away and leave it dead?

Then

Then weep mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve:
Weep foolish heart,
And weeping live;
For death is drie as dust. Yet if ye part,
End as the night, whose sable hue
Your sins expresse: melt into dew.

When sawcie mirth shall knock or call at door,
Cry out, Get hence,
Or cry no more.
Almighty God doth grieve, he puts on sense:
I sin not to my grief alone,
But to my Gods too; he doth groan.

O take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,
Which may with thee
All day complain.
There can no discord but in ceasing be.
Marbles can weep; and surely strings
More bowels have than such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge my self to tears and grief,
Ev'n endless tears
Without relief.
If a clear spring for me no time forbears,
But runs, although I be not dry;
I am no Crystal, what shall I?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail
Nature denies;
And flesh would fail,
If my deserts were masters of mine eyes;
Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes good
My want of tears with store of blood.

¶ The Family.

What doth this noise of thoughts within my heart,
As if they had a part?
What do these loud complaints and pulling fears,
As if there were no rule or ears?

But, Lord, the house and family are thine,
Though some of them repine.
Turn out these wranglers, which defile thy seat:
For where thou dwellest all is neat.

First Peace and Silence all disputes control,
Then Order plays the soul;
And giving all things their set forms and hours,
Makes of wild woods sweet walks and bowers.

Humble Obedience near the door doth stand,
Expecting a command:
Than whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,
Nothing more quick, when she doth go.

Joyes oft are there, and griefs as oft as joys;
But griefs without a noise:
Yet speak they louder, than dismember'd fears;
What is so shrill as silent tears?

This is thy house, with these it doth abound:
And where these are not found,
Perhaps thou com'st sometimes, and for a day;
But not to make a constant stay.

¶ The

¶ The Size.

COntent thee, greedy heart.
Modeſt and moderate joys to thoſe, that have
Title to more hereafter when they part,
Are paſſing brave.
Let th' upper ſprings into the low
Deſcend and fall, and thou doſt flow.

What though ſome have a fraught
Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinamon ſail?
If thou haſt wherewithall to ſpice a draught,
When griefs prevail,
And for the future time art heir
To th' Iſle of ſpices, is't not fair?

To be in both worlds full
Is more than God was, who was hungry here.
Wouldſt thou his laws of faſting diſanul?
Enact good chear?
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to ſave it?
Would'ſt thou both eat thy cake, and have it

Great joyes are all at once:
But little do reſerve themſelves for more:
Thoſe have their hopes: theſe what they have renounce
And live on ſcore.
Thoſe are at home; theſe journey ſtill,
And meet the reſt on *Sions* hill.

Thy Saviour ſentenc'd joy,
And in the fleſh condemn'd it as unfit,
At leaſt in lump: for ſuch doth oft deſtroy;
Whereas a bit
Doth tice us on to hopes of more;
And for the preſent health reſtore.

A Christians state and case
Is not a corpulent, but a thin and spare,
Yet active strength: Whose long and bony face
Content and care
Do seem to equally divide,
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down good heart;
Grasp not at much, for fear thou loosest all:
If comforts feel according to desert,
They would great frosts and snows destroy:
For we should count since the last joy.

Then close again the seam
Which thou hast open'd; Do not spread thy robe
In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dream,
An earthly globe,
On whose meridian was engraven,
These Seas are Tears, and Heav'n the Haven.

¶ Artillery.

AS I one evening sat before my cell,
Me-thoughts a star did shoot into my lap.
I rose and shook my clothes, as knowing well,
That from small fires comes oft no small mishap:
When suddenly I heard one say,
Do as thou usest, disobey,
Expell good motions from thy breast,
Which have the face of fire, but end in rest.

I, who had heard of Musick in the spheres,
But not of speech in stars, began to muse:
But turning to my God, whose ministers
The stars and all things are; If I refuse,
Dread Lord, said I, so oft my good;
Then I refuse not ev'n with blood
To wash away my stubborn thought:
For I will do, or suffer what I ought.

But I have also stars and shooters too,
Born where thy servants both artilleries use.
My tears and prayers night and day do woo,
And work up to thee; yet thou dost refuse.
Not but I am (I must say still)
Much more oblig'd to do thy will,
Than thou to grant mine: But because
Thy promise now hath ev'n set thee thy laws:

Then we are shooters both, and thou dost deign
To enter combat with us and conteft
With thine own clay. But I would parley fain:
Shun not my arrows, and be bold my breast.
Yet if thou shunnest, I am thine:
I must be so, if I am mine.
There is no articling with thee:
I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

¶ Church-Rents and Schisms.

BRave rose, (alas!) where art thou? in the chair,
Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair
Are the more foul the more thou art divine.
This, this hath done it, this did bite the Root
And bottom of the leaves: which when the wind
Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
Where rude unhallow'd steps do crush and grind
Their beauteous glories. Only shreds of thee,
And those all bitten, In thy chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush? is she the rose,
And shows it so? Indeed Christs precious blood
Gave you a colour once; which when your foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
And made you look much fresher than before.
But when debates and fretting jealousies
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your colour faded, and calamities
Turned your ruddy into pale and bleak:
Your health and beauty both began to break.

Then did you several parts unloose and start:
Which when your neighbours saw, like a north wind
They rushed in, and cast them in the dirt
Where Pagans tread. O Mother dear and kind,
Where shall I get me eyes enough to weep,
As many eyes as stars? Since it is night,
And much of *Asia* and *Europe* fast asleep,
And ev'n all *Africk*; would at least I might
With these two poor ones lick up all the dew,
Which falls by night, and pour it out for you.

¶ Justice.

¶ Justice.

O Dreadful Justice, what a fright and terrour
Wast thou of old,
When sin and errour
Did show and shape thy looks to me,
And through their glass discolour thee:
He that did but look up, was proud and bold.
The dishes of thy balance seem'd to gape
Like two great pits,
The beam and scape
Did like some torrering engine show:
Thy hand above did burn and glow,
Darting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.
But now that Christs pure veil presents the sight,
I see no fears:
Thy hand is white,
Thy scales like buckets, which attend
And interchangeably descend,
Lifting to Heaven from this well of tears.
For where before thou still didst call on me,
Now I still touch
And harp on thee.
Gods promises have made thee mine:
Why should I justice now decline?
Against me there is none, but for me much.

¶ The Pilgrimage.

I Travel on, seeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long extent, and weary way,
The gloomy cave of Desperation
I left on th' one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride.

And

And so I came to Phansies meadows strow'd
With many a flower:
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quickn'd by my hour.
So to Cares cops I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Passion; which
Some call the world;
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
Save one good Angel, which a friend had ti'd
Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsom hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
When I had gain'd the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abash'd and struck with many a sting,
Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cry'd, *Alas my King!*
Can both the way and end be tears?
Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceiv'd,
I was deceiv'd.

My hill was further: So I flung away,
Yet heard a cry
Just as I went, *None goes that way*
And lives? If that be all, said I,
After so foul a journey death is fair,
And but a clair.

¶ The

¶ The Hold-fast.

I Threatned to observe the sweet decree
Of my dear God with all my power and might:
But I was told by one it could not be;
Yet I might trust in God to be my light.

Then will I trust, said I, in him alone.
Nay, ev'n to trust in him, was also his:
We must confess that nothing is our own.
Then I confess that he my succour is.

But to have nought is ours, not to confess
That we have nought. I stood amaz'd at this,
Much troubled, 'till I heard a friend express,
That all things were more ours by being his.
What *Adam* had, and forfeited for all,
Christ keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

¶ Complaining.

DO not beguile my heart,
Because thou art
My power and wisdom. Put me not to shame,
Because I am
Thy clay that weeps, thy dust that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glory;
The deed and story
Are both thy due: But I a silly flie,
That live or die,
According as the weather falls.

Art thou all justice, Lord?
Shows not thy word
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or cry?
Have I no parts but those of grief?

Let

Let not thy wrathful power
Afflict my hour,
My inch of life: or let thy gracious power
Contract my hour,
That I may climb and find relief.

¶ The Discharge.

BUsie enquiring heart, what wouldst thou know?
Why dost thou prie,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye
Look high and low,
And in thy lookings stretch and grow?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all?
Did not thy heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?
Let what will fall:
That which is past who can recall?

Thy life is Gods, thy time to come is gone,
And is his right.
He is thy night at noon: He is at night
Thy noon alone.
The crop is his, for he hath sown.

And well it was for thee, when this befel,
That God did make
Thy business his, and in thy life partake:
For thou can'st tell,
If it be his once, all is well.

Only the present is thy part and fee.
And happy thou,
If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldst well see
What present things requir'd of thee.

They

They ask enough; why shouldst thou further go?
Raise not the mud
Of future depths, but drink the clear and good:
Dig not for woe
In times to come; for it will grow.

Man and the Present fit: If he provide,
He breaks the square.
This hour is mine: If for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do incroach upon deaths side:

For death each hour environs and surrounds.
He that would know
And care for future chances, cannot go
Unto those grounds,
But through a Church-yard which them bounds.

Things present shrink and die: But they that spend
Their thoughts and sense
On future grief, do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottom out an end.

God chains the dog till night: Wilt loose the chain,
And wake thy sorrow?
Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve to morrow,
And then again
Grieve over freshly all thy pain?

Either grief will not come; or if it must,
Do not forecast:
And while it cometh, it is almost past.
Away distrust:
My God hath promis'd; he is just.

¶ Praise.

¶ Praise.

King of Glory, King of Peace,
I will love thee:
And that love may never cease,
I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me:
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my sins against me cryed,
Thou didst clear me;
And alone, when they replyed,
Thou didst hear me.

Sev'n whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise thee.
In my heart, Though not in Heaven,
I can raise thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
Thou relentedst:
And when Justice call'd for fears,
Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poor sort
To enroll thee:
E'v'n eternity is too short
To extol thee.

¶ Art

¶ An Offering.

COme, bring thy gift. If blessings were as slow,
As mens returns, what would become of fools?
What hast thou there? a heart? but is it pure?
Search well and see; for hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow:
In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation,
Since many gifts do challenge many hearts!
Yet one, if good, may title to a number;
And single things grow fruitful by deserts.
In publick judgments one may be a nation,
And fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear is, least thy heart displease,
As neither good, nor one: So oft divisions
Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone;
Thy passions also have their set partitions.
These parcel out thy heart. Recover these,
And thou mayst offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsam, or indeed a blood, (close
Dropping from Heav'n, which doth both cleanse and
All sorts of wounds; of such strange force it is.
Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose,
Untill thou find and use it to thy good:
Then bring thy gift, and let thy hymn be this;

SInce my sadness
Into gladness,
Lord, thou dost convert;
O accept
What thou hast kept,
As thy due desert.

Had

Had I many,
Had I any,
(For this heart is none)
All were thine,
And none of mine,
Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour
May give favour
To this poor oblation;
And it raise
To be thy praise,
And be my salvation.

¶ Longing.

With sick and famish'd eyes,
With doubling knees and weary bones,
To thee my cries,
To thee my groans,
To thee my sighs, my tears ascend:
No end?

My throat my soul is hoarse;
My heart is wither'd like a ground
Which thou dost curse.
My thoughts turn round,
And make me giddy: Lord, I fall,
Yet call.

From thee all pity flows.
Mothers are kind, because thou art,
And dost dispose
To them a part:
Their infants them, and they seek thee
More free. Bowels

Bowels of pity, hear!
Lord of my soul, love of my mind,
Bow down thine ear!
Let not the wind
Scatter my words, and in the same
Thy name!

Look on my sorrows round!
Mark well my furnace! O what flames,
What heats abound!
What griefs, what shames!
Consider, Lord; Lord, bow thine ear,
And hear!

Lord Jesu, thou didst bow
Thy dying head upon the tree:
O be not now
More dead to me!
Lord hear! *Shall he that made the ear,*
Not hear?

Behold, thy dust doth stir;
It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee;
Wilt thou defer
To succour me,
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumb
Says, Come?

To thee help appertains.
Hast thou left all things to their course,
And laid the reins
Upon the horse?
Is all lockt? Hath a sinners plea
No key?

Indeed

Indeed the world's thy book,
Where all things have their leaf assign'd:
Yet a meek look
Hath interlin'd.
Thy board is full, yet humble guests
Find nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
And fall to nothing. thou dost reign,
And rule on high,
While I remain.
In bitter grief: Yet am I stil'd
Thy child.

Lord, didst thou leave thy throne,
Not to relieve? how can it be,
That thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were sin alive, good cause there were
To bear.

But now both sin is dead,
And all thy promises live and bide:
That wants his head;
These speak and chide,
And in thy bosom pour my tears,
As theirs.

Lord JESU, hear my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That ev'ry part
Hath got a tongue.
Thy beggers grow; rid them away
To day.

My

My love my ſweetneſs hear, hear!
By theſe thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the year,
Pluck out thy dart,
And heal my troubled breaſt, which cries,
Which dies.

¶ The Bag.

AWay deſpair; my gracious Lord doth hear,
Though winds and waves aſſault my keel,
He doth preſerve it: he doth ſteer,
Ev'n when the boat ſeems moſt to reel.
Storms are the triumph of his art:
Well may he cloſe his eyes, but not his heart.

Haſt thou not heard that my Lord JESUS di'd?
Then let me tell thee a ſtrange ſtorie.
The God of power, as he did ride
In his majeſtick robes of glorie,
Reſolv'd to light: and ſo one day
He did deſcend, und reſſing all the way.

The Starrs his tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud his bow, the fire his ſpear,
the ſkie his azure mantle gain'd.
And when they askt what he would wear;
He ſmil'd and ſaid as he did go,
He had new clothes a making here below.

When he was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an Inne.
Both then and after, many a brunt
He did indure to cancel ſin:
And having given the reſt before,
Here he gave up his life to pay our ſcore.

But as as he was returning, there came one
That ran upon him with a spear.
He who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Receiv'd the blow upon his side,
And straight he turn'd, and to his brethren cry'd,

If ye have any thing to send or write,
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Unto my Fathers hands and sight
(Believe me) it shall safely come.
That I shall mind what you impart;
Look, you may put it very near my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my friends
Will use me in this kind, the door
Shall still be open; what he sends
I will present, and somewhat more,
Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
Any thing to me. Hark despair, away.

¶ The Jews.

POor nation, whose sweet sap and juice
Our eyens have purloin'd, and left you drie:
Whose streams we got by the Apostles sluice,
And use in Baptism, while ye pine and die;
Who by not keeping once, became a debtor;
And now by keeping lose the letter:

O that my prayers! mine alas!
Oh that some Angel might a trumpet sound:
At which the Church falling upon her face
Should cry so loud, untill the tr. mp were drown'd,
And by that cry of her dear Lord obtain,
That your sweet sap might come again!

The

¶ The Collar.

I Struck the board, and cry'd, no more;
I will abroad.
What shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest, but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with Cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine,
Before my sighs did dry it: There was Corn,
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures: Leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit, and not forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy Law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away; take heed:
I will abroad,
Call in thy deaths-head there: Tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Me thoughts I heard one calling, *child*:
And I reply'd, *My Lord.*

¶ The Glimpse.

WHither away delight?
Thou cam'st but now; wilt thou so soon depart,
And give me up to night?
For many weeks of lingring pain and smart
But one half hour of comfort for my heart?

Methinks delight should have
More skill in Musick, and keep better time.
Wert thou a wind or wave,
They quickly go and come with lesser crime:
Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
Feeds not, but ads to the desire of meat.
Lime begg'd of old (they say)
A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat;
Which by the springs access grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart
Pickt here and there a crumb, and would not die;
But constant to his part,
When as my fears foretold this, did reply,
A slender thread a gentle guest will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept
Must let thee go, return when it doth knock,
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the stock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spin,
The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.
Thou know'st how grief and sin
Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
Who by thy coming may be made a Court!

¶ Assu-

¶ Assurance.

O Spitefull bitter thought!
Bitterly spitefull thought! Couldst thou invent
So high a torture? Is such poyson bought?
Doubtless, but in the way of punishment,
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No such rank poyson can there be.

Thou said'st but even now,
That all was not so fair as I conceiv'd,
Betwixt my God and me; that I allow
And coyn large hopes: but that I was deceiv'd;
Either the League was broke, or near it;
And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this? What more
Could poyson, if it had a tongue, express?
What is thy aim? Wouldst thou unlock the door
To cold despaires and gnawing pensiveness?
Wouldst thou raise Devils? I see, I know,
I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the hope and comfort that I gather,
Were from my self, I had not half a word,
Not halfe a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my desert;
And in this League, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not only to perform thy part,
But also mine: As when the League was made,
Thou didst at once thy self endite,
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canſt fail,
Then can thy truth and I: But while rocks ſtand,
And rivers ſtir, thou canſt not ſhrink or quail:
Yea, when both rocks and all things ſhall diſband,
Then ſhalt thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruine praiſe thy power.

Now fooliſh thought go on,
Spin out thy thread, and make the roof a coat
To hide thy ſhame: For thou haſt caſt a bone,
Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat.
What for it ſelf love once began,
Now love and truth will end in man.

¶ The Call.

COme, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all ſtrife:
Such a Life as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feaſt, my Strength:
Such a Light, as ſhows a Feaſt:
Such a Feaſt, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his gueſt.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

¶ Claſping

¶ Claſping of Hands.

LOrd, thou art mine, and I am thine,
If mine I am: and thine much more,
Then I or ought, or can be mine.
Yet to be thine, doth me reſtore;
So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more:
Since this being mine, brings with it thine,
And thou with me doſt thee reſtore.
If I without thee would be mine,
I neither ſhould be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine.
So mine thou art, that ſomething more
I may preſume thee mine, than thine.
For thou didſt ſuffer to reſtore
Not thee, but me, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more,
Since thou in death waſt none of thine,
Yet then as mine didſt me reſtore.
O be mine ſtill! ſtill make me thine!
Or rather make no Thine and Mine!

¶ Praiſe.

LOrd, I will mean and ſpeak thy praiſe,
Thy praiſe alone.
My buſie heart ſhall ſpin it all my daies:
And when it ſtops for want of ſtore,
Then will I wring it with a ſigh or groan,
That thou mayſt yet have more.

When thou doſt favour any action,
It runs it flies;
All things concur to give it a perfection,
That which had but two legs before, (riſe
When thou doſt bleſs, hath twelve: one wheel doth
To twenty then, or more.

But when thou doſt on buſineſs blow,
It hangs it clogs:
Not all the teams of *Albion* in a row
Can heal or draw it out of door.
Legs are but ſtumps, and *Pharaohs* wheels but logs,
And ſtrugling hinders more.

Thouſands of things do thee imploy
In ruling all
This ſparious Globe: Angels muſt have their joy,
Devils their rod, the ſea his ſhore,
The winds their ſtint. and yet when I did call,
Thou heardſt my call, and more,

I have not loſt one ſingle tear:
But when mine eyes
Did weep to Heav'n, they found a bottle there
(As we have boxes for the poor)
Ready to take them in, yet of a ſize
That would contain much more.

But after thou hadſt ſlipt a drop
From thy right eye,
(Which there did hang like ſtreamers near the top
Of ſome fair Church, to ſhow the ſore
And bloody battel which thou once didſt trie)
The glaſs was full and more.

Where-

Wherefore I ſing. Yet ſince my heart,
Though preſs'd, runs thin;
O that I might ſome other hearts convert,
And ſo take up at uſe good ſtore;
That to thy cheſts there might be coming in
Both all my praiſe, and more!

¶ *Joſeph's* Coat.

WOunded I ſing, tormented I endite,
Thrown down I fall into a bed, and reſt:
Sorrow hath chang'd its note: ſuch is his will,
Who changeth all things as him pleaſeth beſt.
For well he knows, if but one grief and ſmart
Among my many had his full career,
Sure it would carry with it ev'n my heart,
And both would run untill they found a bier
To fetch the body; both being due to grief.
But he hath ſpoil'd the race, and given to anguiſh
One of Joys coats, ticing it with relief
To linger in me, and together languiſh.
I live to ſhew his power, who once didbring
My *joys* to *weep*, and now my *griefs* to *ſing*.

¶ The Pulley.

WHen God at firſt made man,
Having a glaſs of bleſſing ſtanding by;
Let us (ſaid he) pour on him all we can:
Let the worlds riches, which diſperſed lie,
Contract into a ſpan.

When thou doſt favour any action,
It runs it flies;
All things concur to give it a perfection,
That which had but two legs before, (riſe
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I live to ſhew his power, who once did bring
My *joys* to *weep*, and now my *griefs* to *ſing*.

¶ The Pulley.

WHen God at firſt made man,
Having a glaſs of bleſſings ſtanding by;
Let us (ſaid he) pour on him all we can:
Let the worlds riches, which diſperſed lie,
Contract into a ſpan.

So strength first made away:
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all his treasure
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this Jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

¶ The Priesthood.

BRest Order, which in power dost so excel,
That with th' one hand thou liftest to the skie,
And with the other throwest down to hell
Th' thy just censures; fain would I draw nigh,
Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay-sword
For that of the holy word;

But thou art fire, sacred and hallow'd fire;
And I but earth and clay: Should I presume
To wear thy habit, the severe attire
My slender compositions might consume.
I am both foul and brittle, much unfit
To deal in holy Writ.

Yet

Yet have I often seen, by cunning hand
And force of fire, what curious things are made
Of wretched earth. Where once I scorn'd to stand,
That earth is fitted by the fire and trade
Of skilful artists, for the boards of those
Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne're so great,
Come from the earth, from whence those vessels come:
So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat,
Have one beginning and one final sum;
I do not greatly wonder at the sight,
if earth in earth delight.

But th' holy men of God such vessels are,
As serve him up, who all the World commands;
When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,
Their hand convey him, who conveys their hands;
O what pure things, most pure must those things be
Who bring my god to me!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake
Through th' old sins and new doctrines of our land.
Only, since God doth often vessels make
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
I throw me at his feet.

There will I lie, untill my maker seek
For some mean stuff whereon to show his skill:
Then is my time. The distance of the meek
Doth flatter power. Lest good come short of ill
In praising might, the poor do by submission,
What pride by opposition.

The

¶ The Search.

WHither, O whither art thou fled,
My Lord, my Love?
My ſearches are my daily bread;
Yet never prove.

My knees pierce th' earth, mine eyes the ſkie:
And yet the ſphere
And centre both to me deny
That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay:
As if to meet thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how ſtars above
Simper and ſhine,
As having keys unto thy love,
While poor I pine.

I ſent a ſigh to ſeek thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow: But my ſcout
Returns in vain.

I turn'd another (having ſtore)
Into a groan,
Becauſe the ſearch was dumb before:
But all was one.

Lord, doſt thou ſome new fabrick mold
Which favour wins,
And keeps thee preſent, leaving th' old
Unto their ſins?

Where

Where is my God? What hidden place
Conceals thee still?
What covert dare eclipse thy face?
Is it thy Will?

O let not that of any thing:
Let rather brass,
Or steel, or mountains be thy ring,
And I will pass.

Thy will such an intrenching is,
As passeth thought:
To it all strength, all subtilties
Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is,
As that to it
East and west touch, the poles do kiss,
And parallels meet.

Since then my grief must be as large,
As is thy space,
Thy distance from me; see my charge,
Lord, see my case.

O take these bars, these lengths away:
Turn and restore me:
Be not Almighty, let me say,
Against but *for me.*

When thou dost turn, and wilt be near;
What edge so keen,
What point so piercing can appear
To come between?

For as thy absence doth excel
All distance known:
So doth my nearness bear the bell,
Making two one.

¶ Grief.

¶ Grief

O Who will give me tears? Come all ye ſprings,
Dwell in my head and eyes: come clouds & rain:
My grief hath need of all the watry things,
That nature hath produc'd. Let every vein
Suck up a river to ſupply mine eyes,
My weary weeping eyes too dry for me,
Unleſs they get new conduits, new ſupplies,
To bear them out and with my ſtate agree.
What are two ſhallow fords, two little ſpouts
Of a leſs world? The greater is but ſmall,
A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,
Which want proviſion in the midſt of all.
Verſes, ye are too fine a thing, too wiſe
For my rough ſorrows: ceaſe, be dumb and mute,
Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
And keep your meaſures for ſome lovers lute,
Whoſe grief allows him muſick and a rhyme:
For mine excludes both meaſure, tune and time.
Alas, my God!

¶ The Croſs.

WHat is this ſtrange and uncouth thing!
To make me ſigh, and ſeek, and faint and die,
Until I had ſome place, where I might ſing,
And ſerve thee; and not only I,
But all my wealth and family might combine
To ſet thy honour up, as our deſign.

And

And then, when after much delay,
Much wrestling, many a combate, this dear end,
So much desir'd, is giv'n, to take away
My power to serve thee: to unbend
All my abilities, my designs confound,
And lay my threatnings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my soul (the memory
What I would do for thee, if once my groans
Could be allow'd for harmony)
I am in all a weak disabled thing,
Save in the sight thereof, where strength doth sting.

Besides, things sort not to my will,
Ev'n when my will doth study thy renown:
Thou turnest th' edge of all things on me still,
Taking me up to throw me down:
So that, ev'n when my hopes seem to be sped
I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
Farther from it than when I bent my bow:
To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
Of all my woes another wo,
Is in the midst of delicates to need,
And ev'n in Paradise to be a weed.

Ah my dear Father, ease my smart!
These contrarieties crush me: these cross actions
Do wind a rope about, and cut my heart:
And yet since these thy contradictions
Are properly a Cross felt by thy Son,
With but four words, my words, *Thy will be done.*

The

¶ The Flower.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flow'rs in spring:
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in *May*,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shriv'ld heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground, as flow'rs depart
To see their Mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to hell
And up to Heav'n in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amiss,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flow'r can wither!
Many a Spring I shot up fair,
Offring at Heav'n, growing and groaning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-showre,
My sins and I joyning together.

But while I grow in a ſtraight line,
Still upwards bent, as if Heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What froſt to that? What pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou doſt turn,
And the leaſt frown of thine is ſhown?

And now in age I bud again,
After ſo many deaths I live and write,
I once more ſmell the dew and rain,
And reliſh verſing. O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he,
On whom thy tempeſts fell all night.

Theſe are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us ſee we are but flow'rs that glide;
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou haſt a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through ſtore,
Forfeit their Paradiſe by their pride.

¶ Dotage.

FAlſe glozing pleaſures, casks of happineſs,
Fooliſh night-fires, womens and childrens wiſhes,
Chaſes in Arras, gilded emptineſs,
Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,
Embroider'd lyes, nothing between two diſhes;
Theſe are the pleaſures here.

True earneſt ſorrows, rooted miſeries,
Anguiſh in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs, ſolid calamities,
Plain demonſtrations, evident and clear,
Fetching their proofs ev'n from the very bone;
Theſe are the ſorrows here.

But

But O the folly of distracted men,
Who griefs in earnest, joys in jest pursue;
Preferring, like brute beasts, a loathsom den
Before a court, ev'n that above so clear,
Where are no sorrows, but delights more true
Than miseries are here!

¶ The Son.

Let foreign Nations of their language boast,
What fine variety each tongue affords:
I like our language, as our men and coast:
Who cannot dress it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly do we give one only name
To Parents issue and the Suns bright Star!
A Son is light and fruit, a fruitful flame
Chasing the Fathers dimness, carry'd far
From the first man in th' East, to fresh and new
Western discoveries of posterity.
So in one word our Lords humility
We turn upon him in a sense most true:
For what Christ once in humbleness began,
We him in glory call, *The Son of man.*

¶ A true Hymn.

My joy, my life, my crown!
my heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say:
And still it runneth muttring up and down
With only this, *My joy, my life, my crown!*

Yet

Yet ſlight not theſe few words;
If truly ſaid, they may take part
Among the beſt in art.
The fineneſs which a Hymn or Pſalm affords,
Is, when the ſoul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the mind,
And all the ſoul, and ſtrength, and time,
If the words only rhyme,
Juſtly complains, that ſomewhat is behind
To make his Verſe, or write a Hymn in kind.

Whereas if the heart be mov'd,
Although the Verſe be ſomewhat ſcant,
God doth ſupply the want:
As when th' heart ſays (ſighing to be approv'd)
O, could I love! and ſtops; God writeth, *Lov'd.*

¶ The Anſwer.

MY comforts drop and melt away like ſnow:
I ſhake my head, and all the thoughts and ends,
Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and flow
Like leaves about me, or like ſummer friends,
Flies of eſtates and ſunſhine. But to all,
Who think me eager, hot and undertaking,
But in my proſecutions ſlack and ſmall;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his firſt bed of dirt, and means the ſkie;
But cooling by the way, grows purſie and ſlow,
And ſettling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark ſtate of tears: To all, that ſo
Show me, and ſet me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the reſt, know more than I.

¶ A

¶ A Dialogue-Anthem.

Christian. *Death.*

Chr. ALas poor Death! where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force thy ancient sting?

Dea. *Alas, poor mortal, void of story!*
Go spell and read how I have kill'd thy King.

Chr. Poor death! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy curse being laid on him makes thee accurst.

Dea. *Let losers talk, yet thou shalt die:* (worst.
These arms shall crush thee. *Chr.* Spare not, do thy
I shall be one day better than before:
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

¶ The Water-course.

THou who dost dwell and linger here below,
Since the condition of this world is frail,
Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow:
If troubles overtake thee, do not wail:
For who can look for less, that loveth { Life? / Strife?

But rather turn the pipe and waters course
To serve thy sins, and furnish thee with store
Of sov'reign tears, springing from true remorse;
That so in pureness thou may'st him adore;
Who gives to man, as he sees fit, { Salvation. / Damnation.

¶ Self-

¶ Self-condemnation.

THou who condemneſt Jewiſh hate,
For chooſing *Barabbas* a murderer
Before the Lord of glory;
Look back upon thine own eſtate,
Call home thine eye (that buſie wanderer)
That choice may be thy ſtory.

He that doth love, and love amiſs,
This worlds delights before true Chriſtian joy,
Hath made a Jewiſh choice:
The world an ancient murderer is;
Thouſands of ſouls it hath and doth deſtroy
With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a ſorry wedding
Between his ſoul and gold, and hath preferr'd
Falſe gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemns in reading:
For he hath ſold for money his dear Lord,
And is a *Judas-Jew*.

Thus we prevent the laſt great day,
And judge our ſelves. That light which ſin & paſſion
Did before dim and cloak,
When once thoſe ſnuffs are ta'n away,
Shines bright and clear, ev'n unto condemnation,
Without excuſe or cloak.

¶ Bitter-ſweet.

AH my dear angry Lord!
Since thou doſt love, yet ſtrike;
Caſt down, yet help afford;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise;
I will bewail, approve:
And all my sowre-sweet dayes
I will lament, and love.

¶ The Glance.

When first thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsaf'd ev'n in the midst of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltring in sin:
I felt a sugar'd strange delight,
Passing all Cordials made by any Art,
Bedew, embalm, and over-run my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, ev'n able to destroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
His swing and sway:
But still thy sweet original joy,
Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs, when they grew bold, controul,
And got the day.

If thy first glance so powerfull be,
A mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again;
What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see
Thy full-ey'd love!
When thou shalt look us out of pain,
And one aspect of thine spend in delight
More than a thousand Suns disburse in light
In Heav'n above!

¶ The

¶ The 23. Psalm.

THe God of love my shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed.
While he's mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass:
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame:
And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy Name.

Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine,
Ev'n in my enemies sight;
My head with Oyl, my cup with Wine
Runs over day and night.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my dayes:
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

¶ Mary

¶ Mary-Magdalen.

When blessed *Mary* wip'd her Saviours feet,
(whose precepts she had trampled on before)
And wore them for a jewel on her head:
Shewing his steps should be the street,
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humbleness would live and tread:

She being stain'd her self, why did she strive
To make him clean, who could not be defil'd?
Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
And not his feet? Though we could dive
In tears like seas, our sins are pil'd
Deeper then they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Dear soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deign
To bear her filth; annd that her sins did dash
Ev'n God himself: Wherefore she was not loth,
As she had brought wherewith to stain,
So to bring in wherewith to wash:
And yet in washing one, she washed both.

¶ Aaron.

HOliness on the head;
Light and perfections on the breast,
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead,
To lead them unto life and rest;
Thus are true *Aarons* drest.

Profaneness in my head,
Defects and darkness in my breast,
A noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest;
Poor Priest thus am I drest.

Only

Only another head
I have, another heart and breast,
Another musick, making live, not dead,
Without whom I could have no rest.
In him I am well dresst.

Christ is my only head,
My alone only heart and breast,
My only Musick, striking me ev'n dead;
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in him new dresst.

So holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my dear breast,
My doctrine tun'd by Christ, (who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest)
Come people, *Aaron's* dresst.

¶ The Odour. 2 *Cor.* 2.

How sweetly doth *My Master* sound *My Master!*
As Amber-greece leaves a rich scent
Unto the taster:
So do these words a sweet content,
An oriental fragrancy, *My Master.*

With these all day I do perfume my mind,
My mind ev'n thrust into them both;
That I might find
What cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of smels, that feeds and fats my mind.

My Master, shall I speak? O that to thee
My Servant were a little so,
As flesh may be:
That these two words might creep and grow
To some degree of spiciness unto thee!

Then should the pomander, which was before
A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,
And tell me more:
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when *My Master*, which alone is sweet,
And ev'n in my unworthiness pleasing,
Shall call and meet,
My Servant, as thee not displeasing;
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains by sweetning me
(As sweet things traffick when they meet)
Return to thee,
And so this new commerce and sweet
Should all my life employ and busie me.

¶ The Foil.

IF we could see below
The sphere of virtue, and each shining grace
As plainly as that above doth show;
This were the better skie, the brighter place.
God hath made Stars the foil
To set off virtues, griefs to set off sinning;
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.

¶ The Forerunners.

THe Harbingers are come. See, see their mark,
White is their colour, and behold my head.
But must they have my brain? must they dispark
Those sparkling notions, which therein were bred?
Must dulness turn me to a clod?
Yet have they left me, *Thou art still my God.*

Good

Good men ye be, to leave me my beſt room,
Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodged there:
I paſs not, I, what of the reſt become,
So, *Thou art ſtill my God*, be out of fear.
He will be pleaſed with that ditty;
And if I pleaſe him, I write fine and witty.

Farewel ſweet phraſes, lovely metaphors:
But will you leave me thus? when ye before
Of ſtews and brothels only knew the doors,
Then did I waſh you with my tears, and more,
Brought you to Church well dreſt and clad:
My God muſt have my beſt, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, ſugar-cane,
Honey of Roſes, whither wilt thou flie?
Hath ſome fond lover tic'd thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a ſtie?
Fie, thou wilt ſoil thy broider'd coat,
And hurt thy ſelf, and him that ſings the note.

Let fooliſh lovers, if they will love dung,
With Canvas, not with Arras, clothe their ſhame:
Let folly ſpeak in her own native tongue.
True beauty dwells on high: Ours is a flame
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
Beauty and beauteous words ſhould go together.

Yet, if you goe, I paſs not; take your way:
For, *Thou art ſtill my God*, is all that ye
Perhaps with more imbelliſhment can ſay.
Go birds of ſpring: Let winter have his fee;
Let a bleak paleneſs chalk the doore,
So all within be livelier than before.

¶ The Rose.

PRess me not to take more pleasure
In this world of sugar'd lies,
And to use a larger measure
Than my strict yet welcome size.

First, there is no pleasure here:
Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
Blushing woes, that look as clear,
As if they could beauty spare.

Or if such deceits there be,
Such delights I meant to say;
There are no such things to me,
Who have past my right away.

But I will not much oppose
Unto what you now advise:
Only take this gentle rose,
And therein my answer lies.

What is fairer than a rose?
What is sweeter? yet it purgeth.
Purgings enmity discloseth,
Enmity forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldings prize
Be contracted to a rose;
Sweetly there indeed it lies,
But it biteth in the close.

So this flower doth judge and sentence
Worldly joyes to be a scourge:
For they all produce repentance,
And repentance is a purge.

But I health, not physick chuse:
Only though I you oppose,
Say that fairly I refuse,
For my answer is a rose.

¶ Discipline.

THrow away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath.
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my hearts desire
Unto thine is bent:
I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or Look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep:
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the Throne of Grace.

Then let wrath remove,
Love will do the deed:
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot;
Love's a man of war,
And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can ſcape his bow?
That which wrought on thee,
Brought thee low,
Needs muſt work on me:

Throw away thy rod;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God:
Throw away thy wrath.

¶ The Invitation.

COme ye hither, all whoſe taſte
Is your waſte;
Save your coſt and mend your fare.
God is here prepar'd and dreſt,
And the feaſt,
God, in whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither all whom wine
Doth define,
Naming you not to your good:
Weep what ye have drunk amiſs,
And drink this,
Which before you drink is blood.

Come ye hither all whom pain
Doth arraign,
Bringing all your ſins to light:
Taſte and fear not: God is here
In this cheer,
And on ſin doth caſt the fright.

Come ye hither all whom joy
Doth deſtroy,
While ye graze without your bounds:
Here is joy that drowneth quite
Your delight,
As a flood the lower grounds.

Come

Come ye hither all, whose love
Is your dove,
And exalts you to the skie:
Here is love, which having breath,
Eve'n in death,
After death can never die.

Lord, I have invited all,
And I shall
Still invite, still call to thee:
For it seems but just and right
In my sight,
Where is all, there all should be.

¶ The Banquet.

WElcome sweet and sacred cheer,
Welcome dear;
With me, in me, live and dwell:
For thy neatness passeth sight,
Thy delight
Passeth tongue to taste or tell.

O what sweetness from the bowl
Fills my soul,
Such as is, and makes divine!
Is some star (fled from the sphere)
Melted there,
As we sugar melt in wine?

Or hath sweetness in the bread
Made a head
To subdue the smell of sin,
Flow'rs, and gums, and powders giving
All their living,
Lest the enemy should win?

Doubtleſs neither ſtar nor flower
Hath the power
Such a ſweetneſs to impart:
Only God, who gives perfumes,
Fleſh aſſumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood
Still are good,
Yet being bruis'd are better ſcented;
God, to ſhew how far his love
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is preſented.

When I had forgot my birth,
And on earth
In delights of each was drown'd;
God took blood, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
And ſo found me on the ground.

Having rais'd me to look up,
In a cup
Sweetly he doth meet my taſte;
But I ſtill being low and ſhort,
Far from Court,
Wine becomes a wing at laſt.

For With it alone I flie
To the ſkie:
Where I wipe mine eyes, and ſee
What I ſeek, for what I ſue;
Him I view,
Who hath done ſo much for me.

Let the wonder of this pity
Be my ditty,
And take up my lines and life:
Hearken under pain of death,
Hands and breath,
Strive in this, and love the strife.

¶ The Posie.

LEt wits contest,
And with their words and Posies windows fill:
Less than the least
Of all thy mercies, is my posie still:

This on my ring,
This by my picture in my book I write.
Whether I sing,
Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention rest,
Comparisons go play, wit use thy will:
Less than the least
Of all Gods mercies, is my posie still.

¶ A Parodie.

SOuls joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Because thou dost abide with me,
And I depend on thee;

Yet when thou dost suppress
The cheerfulness
Of thy abode,
And in my power not stir abroad,
But leave me to my load:

O what a damp and shade
Doth me invade!
No stormy night
Can so afflict, or so affright,
As thy eclipsed light.

Ah Lord! do not withdraw,
Lest want of aw
Make sin appear;
And when thou dost but shine less clear,
Say that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
While Sin doth rave,
And falsly boast,
That I may seek, but thou art lost;
Thou and alone thou know'st.

O what a deadly cold
Doth me infold!
I half believe
That sin says true: but while I grieve,
Thou com'st and dost relieve.

¶ The Elixir.

TEach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee:

Not rudely as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the Heav'n spy.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th'action fine.

This is the famous stone,
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

¶ A Wreath.

A Wreathed garland of deserved praise,
Of praise deserved unto thee I give,
I give to thee, who knowest all my ways;
My crooked winding ways wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live; for life is straight,
Straight as a line and ever tends to thee,
To thee, who art more far above deceit,
Than deceit seems above simplicity.
Give me simplicity, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy ways,
Know them and practice them; Then shall I give
For this poor wreath, give thee a crown of praise.

¶ Death

¶ Death.

DEath, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing'
Nothing but bones,
The sad effect of sadder groans:
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we consider'd thee, as at some fix
Or ten years hence,
After the loss of life and sense,
Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We lookt on this side of thee, shooting short;
Where we did find
The shells of fledge souls left behind,
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviours death did put some blood
Into thy face,
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much sought for as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at Dooms-day;
When souls shall wear their new array,
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest faithful grave;
Making our pillows either down or dust.

¶ Dooms-

¶ Dooms-day.

Come away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the dust to rise,
Till it stir, and rub the eyes;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whisp'ring, *Live you, Brother?*

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas, no musick feels,
But thy trumpet: Then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and strains
Cure Tarantulaes raging pains.

Come away,
O make no stay!
Let the graves make their confession,
Lest at length they plead possession:
Fleshes stubbornness may have
Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth stray.
Some to winds their body lend,
And in them may drown a friend:
Some in noysom vapours grow
To a plague and publick wo.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcell'd out to all the world.
Lord, thy broken consort raise,
And the musick shall be praise.

¶ Judge-

¶ Judgment.

ALmighty judg', how ſhall poor wretches brook
Thy dreadful look,
Able an heart of Iron to appall,
When thou ſhalt call
For every mans peculiar book?

What others mean to do, I know not well;
Yet I here tell,
That ſome will turn thee to ſome leaves therein
So void of ſin,
That they in merit ſhall excell.

But I reſolve, when thou ſhalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thruſt a Teſtament into thy hand.
Let that be ſcann'd:
There thou ſhalt find my faults are thine.

¶ Heav'n.

O Who will ſhew me thoſe delights on high?
Echo. *I.*
Thou Echo, thou art mortal, all men know.
Echo. *No.*
Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
Echo. *Leaves.*
And are there any leaves that ſtill abide?
Echo. *Bide.*
What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.
Echo. *Holy.*
Are holy leaves the Echo then of bliſs?
Echo. *Yes.*
Then tell me, What is that ſupreme delight?
Echo. *Light.*

Light

Light to the mind: What shall the will enjoy?
Echo. *Joy.*
But are there cares and business with the pleasure?
Echo. *Leisure.*
Light joy and leisure; but shall they persevere?
Echo. *Ever.*

¶ Love.

LOve bad me welcom: Yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd any thing.

A guest I answer'd worthy to be here:
Love said you shall be he:
I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord; but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
My dear then I will serve.
You must sit down says Love, and taste my meat:
So I did sit and eat.

FINIS.

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

ALmighty Lord, who from thy glorious throne
Seest and rulest all things ev'n as one:
The smallest Ant or Atom knows thy power,
Known also to each minute of an hour:
Much more do Common-wealths acknowledge thee,
And wrap their policies in thy decree,
Complying with thy counsels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternal thought.
But above all, thy Church and Spouse doth prove
Not the decrees of power, but hands of love.
Early didst thou arise to plant this vine,
Which might the more indear it to be thine.
Spices come from the East; so did thy Spouse,
Trim as the light, sweet as the laden boughs
Of *Noahs* shady vine, chast as the dove,
Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love.
The course was westward, that the Sun might light
As well our understanding as our sight.
Where th' Ark did rest, there *Abraham* began
To bring the other Ark from *Canaan*.
Moses pursu'd this: But King *Solomon*
Finish'd and fixt the old Religion.
When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain
By nailing Christ to fasten it again.
But to the Gentiles he bore cross and all,
Rending with earthquakes the partition wall:
Only whereas the Ark in glory shone,
Now with the cross, as with a staff alone,
Religion like a Pilgrim, westward bent,

Knock-

Knocking at all doors, ever as she went.
Yet as the Sun, though forward be his flight,
Listens behind him, and allows some light,
Till all depart: So went the Church her way,
Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay
Among the eastern Nations for a time,
Till both removed to the western clime.
To *Egypt* first she came, where they did prove
Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
The ten Commandments there did flourish more
Than the ten bitter Plagues had done before.
Holy *Macarius* and great *Anthony*
Made *Pharaoh Moses*, changing th' history.
Goshen was darkness, *Egypt* full of lights,
Nilus for monsters brought forth *Israelites*.
Such power hath mighty baptism to produce
For things misshapen, things of highest use.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where Arts
Gave her the highest place in all mens hearts.
Learning was pos'd, Philosophy was set,
Sophisters taken in a fishers net.
Plato and *Aristotle* were at a loss,
And wheel'd about again to spell *Christs-Cross*.
Prayers chas'd Syllogisms into their den,
And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.
Though *Greece* took horse as soon as *Egypt* did,
And *Rome* as both; yet *Egypt* faster rid,
And spent her period and prefixed time
Before the other. *Greece* being past her prime,
Religion went to *Rome*, subduing those,
Who, that they might subdue, made all their foes.
The Warriour his dear scars no more resounds,
But seems to yield Christ hath the greater wounds;
Wounds willingly endur'd to work his bliss,
Who by an ambush lost his Paradise.

The

The great heart ſtoops, and taketh from the duſt
A ſad repentance, not the ſpoils of luſt:
Quitting his ſpear, leſt it ſhould pierce again
Him in his members, who for him was ſlain.
The Shepherds hook grew to a ſceptre here,
Giving new names and numbers to the year.
But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece* to comfort them,
Who were cut ſhort in *Alexanders* ſtem.
In both of theſe Proweſs and Arts did tame
And tune mens hearts againſt the Goſpel came:
Which uſing, and not fearing ſtill in th' one,
Or ſtrength in th' other, did erect her throne.
Many a rent and ſtrugling th' Empire knew,
As dying things are wont, untill it flew
At length to *Germany*, ſtill Weſtward bending,
And there the Churches feſtival attending:
That as before Empire and Arts made way,
For no leſs Harbingers would ſerve than they;
So they might ſtill, and point us out the place,
Where firſt the Church ſhould raiſe her down-caſt face.
Strength levels grounds, Art makes a Garden there;
Then ſhowrs Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the *Empire* ſhar'd with *Germany*,
But *England* in the higher victory:
Giving the Church a crown to keep her ſtate,
And not go leſs than ſhe had done of late.
Conſtantines Britiſh line meant this of old,
And did this myſtery wrap up and fold
Within a ſheet of paper, which was rent
From times great Chronicle, and hither ſent.
Thus both the Church and Sun together ran
Unto the fartheſt old meridian.

How dear to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?

Much about one and the ſame time and place,
Both where and when the Church began her race,

Sin

Sin did set out of Eastern *Babylon*,
And travell'd westward also: journeying on
He chid the Church away, where e're he came,
Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.
At first he got to *Egypt*, and did sow
Gardens of gods, which ev'ry year did grow,
Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost,
Who for a god clearly a sallet lost.
Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoring garlick with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worshippeth his meat!
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be sever'd infinitely!
What wretchedness can give him any room,
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom?
None will believe this now, though money be
In us the same transplanted foolery.
Thus Sin in *Egypt* sneaked for a while;
His highest was an ox or crocodile,
And such poor game. Thence he to *Greece* doth pass;
And being craftier much than Goodness was,
He left behind him garrisons of sins,
To make good that which ev'ry day he wins.
Here sin took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich shrines and oracles he purchased:
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretel
As well what should befal, as what befel.
Nay, he became a poet, and would serve
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.
The world came both with hands and purses full
To this great lottery, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where some poor truths were shuffled for a bait,
To credit him, and to discredit those,
Who after him should braver truths disclose.

From

From *Greece* he went to *Rome*: and as before
He was a God, now he's an Emperour.
Nero and others lodg'd him bravely there,
Put him in trust to rule the *Roman* sphere.
Glory was his chief instrument of old:
Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold.
Which soon was blown to such a mighty flame,
That though our Saviour did destroy the game,
Disparking oracles, and all their treasure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleasure;
Yet did a rogue with hope of carnal joy,
Cheat the most subtil Nations. Who so coy,
So trim, as *Greece* and *Egypt*? yet their hearts
Are given over, for their curious Arts,
To such *Mahometans* stupidities,
As the old Heathen would deem prodigies.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Only the West and *Rome* do keep them free
From this contagious infidelities.
And this is all the Rock, whereof they boast,
As *Rome* will one day find unto her cost.
Sin being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely resolv'd one night
To be a Church-man too, and ware a Mitre:
The old debauched Ruffian would turn writer.
I saw him in his study where he sate
Bufie in controversies sprung of late.
A Gown and Pen became him wondrous well:
His grave aspect had more of Heav'n than Hell:
Only there was a handsome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye.
As Sin in *Greece* a Prophet was before,
And in old *Rome* a mighty emperour;
So now being Priest he plainly did profess
To make a jest of Christs three Offices:

The

The rather since his scatter'd juglings were
United now in one both time and sphere.
From *Egypt* he took petty deities,
From *Greece* oracular infallibilities,
And from old *Rome* the liberty of pleasure,
By free dispensings of the Churches treasure.
Then in memorial of his antient throne,
He did surname his palace *Babylon*.
Yet that he might the better gain all Nations,
And make that name good by their transmigrations;
From all these places but at divers times,
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes:
From *Egypt* Anchorism and retiredness:
Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* statelines:
And blending these he carry'd all mens eyes,
While Truth sat by counting his victories:
Whereby he grew apace and scorn'd to use
Such force as once did captivate the Jews;
But did bewitch, and finely work each Nation
Into a voluntary transmigration.
All post to *Rome*: Princes submit their necks
Either t' his publick foot or private tricks.
It did not fit his gravity to flir,
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and fur.
Therefore he sent out able ministers,
Statesmen within, without doors cloisterers:
Who without spear or sword or other drum,
Than what was in their tongue, did overcome;
And having conquer'd did so strangely rule,
That the whole world did seem but the Popes mule.
As new and old *Rome* did one empire twist:
So both together are one Antichrist;
Yet with two faces, as their *Janus* was,
Being in this their old crackt looking-glass.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsils are!
Who may with thee compare?

Thus

Thus Sin triumphs in Weſtern *Babylon*;
Yet not as ſin, but as Religion.
Of his two thrones he made the latter beſt,
And to defray his journey from the Eaſt.
Old and new *Babylon* are to hell and night,
As is the Moon and Sun to Heav'n and light.
When th' one did ſet, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the law and grace.
They are hells land-marks, Satans double creſt:
They are Sins nipples, feeding th' eaſt and weſt.
But as in vice the copy ſtill exceeds
The pattern, but not ſo in virtuous deeds;
So though ſin made his latter ſeat the better,
The latter Church is to the firſt a debter.
The ſecond Temple could not reach the firſt:
And the late reformation never durſt
Compare with ancient times and purer years;
But in the Jews and us deſerveth tears.
Nay, it ſhall ev'ry year decreaſe and fade,
Till ſuch a darkneſs do the world invade
At Chriſts laſt coming, as his firſt did find:
Yet muſt there ſuch proportions be aſſign'd
To theſe diminiſhings, as is betwen
The ſpacious world and *Jury* to be ſeen.
Religion ſtands on tip-toe in our land,
Ready to paſs to the *American* ſtrand.
When height of malice, and prodigious luſts,
Impudent ſinning, witchcrafts, and diſtruſts
The marks of future bane, ſhall fill our cup
Unto the brim, and make our meaſure up;
When *Stix* ſhall ſwallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*
By letting in them both, pollutes her ſtreams:
When *Italy* of us ſhall have her will,
And all her Kalender of ſins fulfil;
Whereby one may foretel, what ſins next year
Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer:

Then

Then shall Religion to *America* flee:
They have their times of Gospel, ev'n as we.
My God, thou dost prepare for them a way,
By carrying first their gold from them away:
For gold and grace did never yet agree:
Religion always sides with poverty.
We think we rob them, but we think amiss:
We are more poor, and they more rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that, which now their Nation
But lends to us, shall be our desolation.
Yet as the Church shall thither westward flie,
So sin shall trace and dog her instantlye.
They have their period also and set times
Both for their virtuous actions and their crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Usher'd the Gospel ever in mens hearts,
Spain hath done one; when Arts perform the other,
The Church shall come, & sin the Church shall smother.
That when they have accomplished the round, (then
And met in th' East their first and ancient sound,
Judgment may meet them both & search them round.
Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sun,
Light one another, and together run.
Thus also sin and darkness follow still
The Church and Sun with all their power and skill.
But as the Sun still goes both west and east:
So also did the Church by going west
Still eastward go; because it drew more near
To time and place, where Judgment shall appear.
How dear to me, O God thy counsils are!
Who may with thee compare?

¶ L'envoy.

¶ L'Envoy.

King of glory, King of peace,
With the one make warrs to cease;
With the other bless thy sheep,
Thee to love, in thee to sleep.
Let not Sin devour thy fold,
Bragging that thy blood is cold,
That thy death is also dead,
While his conquests daily spread;
That thy flesh hath lost his food,
And thy Cross is common wood.
Choke him, let him say no more,
But reserve his breath in store,
Till thy conquest and his fall
Make his sighs to use it all,
And then bargain with the wind
To discharge what is behind.

Blessed be God alone,
Thrice blessed three in one.

FINIS.

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